







Drawn by H. Singleton.

Engraved by W. Bond.

Come on begin the grand attack

Pelt the vile foe with Weapons Missile



TERRIBLE TRACTORATION!!

A

POETICAL PETITION

AGAINST

GALVANISING TRUMPERY,

AND THE

PERKINISTIC INSTITUTION.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS,

BY

CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC,

M.D. LL.D. ASS.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, ABERDEEN,  
AND HONORARY MEMBER OF NO LESS THAN NINETEEN  
VERY LEARNED SOCIETIES.

SECOND EDITION, WITH GREAT ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

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J. GINGER, PICCADILLY.

1803.







## INTRODUCTION.

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THE demand for a second edition of CAUSTIC'S PETITION, within the short period of two months from the publication of the first, has excited so much vanity in the author as to induce him to believe that his efforts have not been altogether unacceptable, and to hope that his objects may ultimately prove not to have been altogether unaccomplished. With such a reward for former exertions, and such an incitement for future, it will be thought natural in him to have used his endeavour for a continuance of public favour.

The present edition, which contains more than double the quantity of matter that composed the last, will plead the virtue of industry, even should the merit of the new matter not justly lay claim to that indulgence with which the former was honoured.



Besides enlargement, this edition will be found, especially in the first Canto, to be materially altered.

The aim of the alterations has been to avoid, as much as the subjects necessarily enlarged upon would admit, every sentiment and expression, which could offend the heart of innocence, or the eye of delicacy. Addressed, as the poem originally was, to professional men, there was, perhaps, little cause to complain of too great a licence in this particular. The circulation of the work proving, however, to be by no means confined to the medical profession, and promising to be still less so in future, it has been the author's study to savour this to the more general palate, as well as to enlarge the scope of its objects.

Of one, among other advantages, which may generally be derived for the improvement of second editions, viz. the criticisms of monthly journals, the author is in a great measure deprived. Two only (the *Antijacobin* and *Monthly Register*) have yet committed the deeds of Dr. Caustic to the test of their tremendous ordeal.

The sweet drops of their approbation, which, in their great clemency, they have allowed him to taste, instead of the bitter pill, which the



trembling poet feared might have been his dose, inculcates a hope of a survival of the affray, without a *broken heart* through his *own chagrin*, however great his danger of a *broken head* through the *chagrin of others*.

Thus far I had proceeded in remarks, which are applicable to this second edition only, and hesitated some time, before I resolved on the expedience of pursuing my observations, and offering something like an explanation of the motives, which led to the present publication. This delay has enabled me to mention a third review of the first edition (by the *British Critic*). Like the *former two* it has indulged Dr. Caustic with encomiums on his ‘ingenious burlesque,’ his ‘humorous notes,’ his ‘happy ludicrous compounded rhymes, and many other qualities to insure no trifling success in doggrel verse,’ &c. but, like *itself*, it has *honoured* Mr. Perkins with a torrent of *abuse* and malicious *falsehood*.

To have hoped, by any thing that might be said in this Introduction, to alter the conduct of those, against whom the animadversions contained in the Poem are directed, would be vain. Others, however, who seek after *truth* with more disinterestedness, and with whom truth, when known, may be subservient to some good effect, may



have their inquiries facilitated by a simple detail of a few plain facts.

The discovery of Perkinism, and the ascertainment of its utility in the cure of diseases, have been objects of the author's most critical and cautious investigation. This investigation, terminating in a conviction of its great importance to mankind, and its high claims to a rank among the choicest blessings to humanity, has placed him on the alert to watch its progress, and to feel an anxiety for its success. He has of consequence been roused at the disgraceful attempts made by the combined energies of prejudice and self-interest to prevent the use, nay even the *trial*, of the efficacy of the Metallic Tractors.

Opposition, honourable in its views, and fair in its means, to discoveries of great pretensions, is not only commendable, but almost indispensably necessary to the developement of truth. Such opposition, like friction to the diamond, proves its hardness and increases its lustre. But when, as in the present instance, every avenue to truth is defended by scorpions, who endeavour to frighten you back by their hisses, or assail you with their stings, it cannot be unjustifiable to attempt to clear the passage by whipping away the reptiles. The author,



however, would not presume to represent that he has accomplished this task. But, if he has failed in his attempt, he is not yet discouraged. They have thrown the gauntlet in an untenable cause, and, as his quiver is yet full of arrows, he will be justified in shooting folly, malice, and ignorance, whenever they appear in any guise to combine against this important discovery.

The writer would, however, caution against any supposition that the whole medical profession, many of whom are stars of prime magnitude in the hemisphere of science, are enemies to Perkinism, or would make use of any unjustifiable means to oppose an improvement in the art of healing. Indeed no person can hold the more honourable part of the profession in higher estimation than the author of the following Poem.

A concise sketch of the history of Perkinism, since its first introduction into this island, will render evident what has been the nature of the opposition to the Metallic Practice, inasmuch as it will show that it resolves itself into two heads, viz. *Ridicule* and *Malicious Falsehood*. These, when called into action even by men of moderate talent, who are compelled by interest to extraordinary exertion, are no impotent engines, employed



against the weak, however inefficient they may prove with men of penetration and independence.

I shall proceed to the proof of my assertion relative to the *character* of the opposition to Perkinism. I shall draw my facts from the several writers own acknowledgments and Mr. Perkins's answers, both of which have long been the subject of my attentive observation.

At the head of that part of the opposition, to be classed under *ridicule*, may be mentioned certain proceedings in the Bath and Bristol Infirmaries; the former under the direction of Dr. Haygarth, a physician of Bath; and the latter conducted by Mr. Smith, a surgeon of Bristol. These have been the grand rallying points about which every minor assailant has taken his stand. But it is unnecessary to recapitulate them here, as they are sufficiently enlarged upon in the second and third cantos of the following Poem. Before quitting the subject, however, I would briefly mention, in addition to what is there stated, that Dr. Haygarth, who condemns Perkinism on his own experiments, does not appear to have ever used the Tractors a second time on a patient, and Mr. Smith, whose virulent observations and *necro-*



*mantic* manœuvres constitute three fourths of Dr. Haygarth's *evidence* against the Tractors, admits, before he closes his communication, that he *never tried them*. This last Gentleman candidly acknowledges that he 'played the 'part of a necromancer' in his ridiculous pranks in ridicule of Perkinism.

Next in order comes the writer of the article 'PERKINISM' in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. How far I am justified in ranking this attack under the head of *ridicule*, will be learnt from the remark of the writer himself, who says, 'to treat this discovery with *seriousness* would 'disgrace the profession of a scientific critic.' The whole attack is accordingly a strain of ridicule, invective, misrepresentation, and misquotation, which, in the opinion of some, has not much *honoured* the profession of a 'scientific critic.' This writer copies, among others, the attack of the *Monthly Review*, which shall next claim our attention.

None has enjoyed, in a higher degree than the author of this Poem, the effusions of wit, which sometimes decorate the pages of the *Monthly Review*; but still he regrets that a journal, which might so eminently promote the



cause of literature, should so often sacrifice every thing to a good joke. They have certainly been very witty at the expence of the Tractors, and I have, myself, joined in the laugh, wherever it has appeared to be the object of the critics to utter a *smart*, but not a *malicious* thing. But I apprehend that no honestly disposed person has derived that lasting satisfaction from their ‘quips and cranks,’ which they would have experienced from a learned and candid investigation of the merits of Perkinism.

In their last attack on Mr. Perkins, alluding to the consequences of an unlucky kick, they advise him to avoid the use of the Tractors on horses, and wittily suggest the propriety of his confining their application to bipeds, and among others would beg to recommend *geese* to his polite attention. But whether the gentlemen intend to offer *themselves*, or some other bipeds of the same species, but of less hissing notoriety, as the subject of experiment, they have not informed us.

But *ridicule*, as before observed, has not been the only weapon with which Perkinism has been assailed. Falsehoods, **BASE**, **WILFUL**, and **MALICIOUS**, have been propagated with the like *benevolent* intention of extirpating this intrusive



practice. I say *base, wilful, and malicious*, because they carry with them the marks of barbarous design. At the head of this list should be named a masked writer, who has found access to the pages of the *British Critic*. Surely there will not be found many, among the more civilized inhabitants of this kingdom, who will approve of an attempt to brand with infamy those acts in a PERKINS, which immortalized a HOWARD. But such has been the attempt of the writer in question.

Dr. Elisha Perkins, the inventor of the Metallic Tractors, and the father of the present proprietor, it is known, like Howard, sacrificed his life in the cause of humanity. The latter ended his days with a malignant fever at Cherson, while visiting the sick and in prison. The former lost his life with a malignant fever at New York, caught while engaged in the benevolent office of hunting out, and offering medical assistance to the poor, in their dreary and distressed habitations, during the rage of that dreadful scourge, the yellow fever. Both alike left the calm enjoyment of domestic ease in this godlike employment, and both equally pursued the object with no other expectation, or wish for reward, than the consolation of relieving



the distressed. But it was reserved for the conductors of the *British Critic* to offer their pages to a wretch, who could conjure up an infamous falsehood, with a view of casting a sneer at the philanthropist, and covering with disgrace his benevolent acts \*. After such a specimen of the

\* Dr. Perkins entertained the opinion that powerful antiseptic remedies had not been sufficiently tried in that putrid disorder, and *these* it was that he was solicitous to put to the experiment. The particulars of his death were (as appears from Mr. Perkins's correspondence with Messrs Rivingtons, since published) in possession of the Editors of the *British Critic*. That journal, however, gravely asserts in its preface to Vol. xx. 'it is a curious fact, we have lately learned, ' that the American inventor fairly duped himself on ' the subject of his Tractors. He died, we are told, of ' the yellow fever, with this useless operation performed ' on him at the moment.' The atrocity manifested in the invention of this falsehood is equalled only by the subsequent conduct of the Editors, in refusing, when convinced of its injustice, to correct their statement.

After numerous applications on the part of Mr. Perkins, they dismiss the affair by the following *shuffle*. Among the addresses to correspondents in the number for August 1800, is the following. ' Mr. Perkins's letter we have handed over to our *correspondent*, whom it ' more immediately concerns.' The Editors were *cautious* to avoid mentioning what *Mr. Perkins* this was, or the subject of his letter! But to close this specimen of the

liberality of the conductors of this journal, with respect to the Metallic Tractors, it did not surprise me to find that, although they were so condescending as to grant that this Poem had merit, as an 'ingenious burlesque, &c.' still they pronounced it an empirical puff, and the production of Mr. Perkins; and had the knavery also to misquote the title, by printing it *PRAC-TICAL*, instead of *Poetical* Petition, &c.

The next assailant of Perkinism, of whom I shall take notice, is Dr. James Anderson. This ingenious gentleman condescended to amuse the readers of his '*Recreations in Agriculture*' with the following falsehood, in proof of the falling reputation of Perkinism. 'The price of the

*honesty* and impartiality exercised towards the Metallic Tractors, the explanation or vindication of this '*correspondent*,' although frequently demanded, has not only never been given, but from that time the Tractors were forbidden to be advertised for sale in that Review, with this pretence, on the part of the publishers, that they had just come to a determination of admitting no more advertisements of medicines (the Tractors then are *medicines*!!) It is necessary only to add, that soon afterwards, March 1801, this Review was stuffed, as *usual*, with the advertisements of *quack medicines*. See the numbers of the *British Critic*, already mentioned, and Perkins's '*Cases of Successful Practice*,' page 21, second edition, for the particulars of this nefarious attempt.



‘Tractors is now reduced to four guineas the set!!’ But perhaps a gentleman of Dr. Anderson’s *fertile imagination* and *inventive genius* ought by no means to be confined within the boundaries of truth. Had the Doctor been obliged to state *useful facts*, and *probable theories*, merely, his ‘*Recreations*’ might possibly have been published in a sixpenny pamphlet, instead of the tedious and voluminous work he has contrived to botch together.

Another assailant of Perkinism is a Mr. Corry. One would, however, feel little disposition to censure this character, as his low situation in life exposes him to temptations, which, it is to be hoped, he would otherwise resist. This, however, is no excuse for his *employers*. In a book against Quackery, he attacks the Tractors most furiously, and in support of his opinion of their inutility, adduces a statement of a number of experiments, purporting to have been made by one Mr. Wilkinson, at Avondale, near Stratford upon Avon. Mr. Perkins has been at the trouble to ascertain the correctness of this statement, and has found that neither the said Wilkinson nor Avondale ever had existence!! In short, the whole is a fabrication.

I have to mention only one more of these

gentlemen assailants. The late Lord Henniker was a friend and promoter of the Metallic Tractors. He purchased at different periods, during three years, *three* sets for the use of his own family. Being a Fellow of the Royal Society, and considered a gentleman of superior judgment and talents, the zeal with which he supported them, it may well be imagined, gave *pain* to many. Accordingly, at the death of that nobleman, some person conceived the idea of obliterating from the mind of the public any impression, which might have existed in favour of the metallic practice, in consequence of his patronage; and for that purpose the following paragraph was inserted in a biographical sketch of Lord Henniker, in the *Monthly Register*, for April 1803.

‘ No one sooner adopted a prejudice, but no  
 ‘ one more readily submitted it to that test,  
 ‘ which best suited it, and upon no one had an  
 ‘ original prejudice less effect in dazzling a sub-  
 ‘ sequent judgment. The numerous testimonies  
 ‘ in favour of a celebrated nostrum induced his  
 ‘ Lordship to become a purchaser; having ob-  
 ‘ tained it, he immediately put it to the proof,  
 ‘ and discovered its *absolute inefficacy*. His  
 ‘ Lordship immediately returned the nostrum,



“with a pecuniary present to its inventor.  
 “You will consider as your own what I have  
 “already paid for your Tractors. Employ the  
 “inclosed notes to embark in some more honest  
 “business, and no longer impose on the credu-  
 “lity of the public.”

From another letter in the *Monthly Register* of the succeeding month (May), it appears there never occurred between Lord Henniker and Mr. Perkins any circumstance which could give the least colour for such a representation. To the time of his death he remained a firm advocate of Perkinism.

Two more assailants might be mentioned, but their deeds are already alluded to in the fourth Canto of the Poem.

I have now mentioned *every public writer* of whom I have a knowledge, against Perkinism, and given a specimen of their *arguments*. The more private opposers, who employ that unruly member the tongue, are a hundred fold more numerous, and not less deficient in malice.

After this exhibition of the *spirit*, which has influenced the opposition to the Metallic Tractors in Great Britain, can there be found one honest man who will say that they have met with such treatment, as ought to have been expected from

a liberal and enlightened profession; or that the author of the present poem has commenced an unprovoked attack on honourable and deserving characters? Perkinism is supported by no mean and common pretensions. Five years has it buffeted the storm of interest and prejudice, and all true friends to humanity, acquainted with its merits, will congratulate each other on the result.

The three following facts will place the evidence in favour of this Discovery in a fair point of view.

Not an individual of those persons, who have communicated their experiments and remarks in favour of Perkinism (among whom are eight professors in four different universities, twenty-one regular physicians, nineteen surgeons, and thirty clergymen) has publicly or privately, so far as my knowledge extends, retracted his good opinion of the Metallic Tractors.

2d. The contest respecting the merits of the Tractors has lain entirely between *disinterested* persons who have approved of them, after a cautious and faithful experiment, and *interested* or *prejudiced* persons, who have condemned them without any trial whatever, generally indeed who have never seen them. This fact is demonstrated



by the Report of the committee of the Perkinian Society to their General Meeting, conveying the result of their application, indiscriminately made to the possessors of the Tractors in the metropolis, for their concurrence in the establishment of a Public Institution, for the use of them on the poor. It was found that only five out of above an hundred objected to subscribe, on account of their want of confidence in the efficacy of the Practice, and these, the committee observes, there is reason to believe, never gave them a fair trial, probably never used them in more than one case, and that perhaps a case in which the Tractors have never been recommended as serviceable. Purchasers of the Tractors would be among the last to approve of them, if they had reason to suppose themselves defrauded of five guineas.

A third important fact will, on a moment's reflection, evince the entire superiority of the evidence in support of Perkinism to that which has been produced against it. On the one side, as has been suggested, the evidence comes from disinterested and honourable persons, who had made repeated *trials* of the efficacy of the Tractors; and on the other, from persons interested, prejudiced, and who had condemned them

without putting them properly to the test of experiment. Mr. Perkins has never published any facts resting on his own authority, but on that of respectable and disinterested men; on the contrary, every statement adduced to the discredit of Perkinism has proceeded from an interested quarter, and most of them, as we have already shown, are falsehoods.

I am now willing to express a confidence that the candid and unbiassed reader will be persuaded that the author has been engaged in a cause not unworthy of his best exertions; and that every real friend to humanity and *useful* science will wish him success.

It remains to speak of the plan and design of the Poem. The author's ambition has been to produce an original performance, and avoid all 'servile trick' and 'imitative knack' of ordinary dealers in rhyme. He had rather introduce indefensible eccentricities, and run the hazard of the lash of the critic, than to 'threat his reader, not in vain, with sleep.'

Although the attacks upon the Metallic Tractors are the principal subject of the following Poem, still the Author has painted

---

'every idle thing  
That Fancy finds in her excursive flight;'



and he is sorry to say that our modern philosophers furnish such a multitude of ‘idle things,’ which they call *discoveries* and *inventions*, that he need never lay his brush aside for want of proper subjects upon which to exercise skill in his vocation. Were the mere *inutility* of their researches the only objection which could be urged against them, they might be permitted to follow their frivolous pursuits without molestation. But when, in addition to inutility, their experiments are accompanied with the grossest *inhumanity*, the indignation of the reflecting mind is roused at so wanton a misapplication of time, and prostitution of talent. It has given the writer no small satisfaction to find the opinion entertained by professional critics, who have examined the former edition, that ‘the attack on some of  
‘the cruel and indecent experiments of certain  
‘modern naturalists, which seem limited to the  
‘gratification of a licentious curiosity, having for  
‘their object the attainment of no one practical  
‘good, is just and commendable. The author  
‘has not merely *rhyme*, but very frequently *reason*  
‘son on his side in his satirical remarks.’ (*Antijacobin Review of April, 1803, on the first Edition of this Poem*).

In the present edition, another variety of this

species of philosophers has received some attention, although not fully equal to what their demerits require. These are they whose atheistical theories and speculations appear to have no other object than to annihilate a belief in an overruling Providence, and cancel every religious and moral obligation.

In this department I have dwelt upon the theories of a philosopher (Dr. Darwin) whose

‘ Sweet tetrandrian monogynian strains  
 ‘ Pant for a pistil in botanic pains ;  
 ‘ On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,  
 ‘ On beds of yielding vegetable down ;  
 ‘ Raise lust in pinks ; and with unhallowed fire  
 ‘ Bid the soft virgin-violet expire ;’

and whose writings have a direct tendency to unhinge society, and reduce mankind to a state of nature, by giving a loose to those passions, which of all others require restraint.

It is to me a most surprising, as well as lamentable circumstance, that *pure intellect* has so little to do with the affairs of mankind. Whim, folly, and fashion, predominate most deplorably even in this (which we pretend to stile an enlightened) age. The man who discovers an extra joint in the tail of a tadpole is im-



mortalized for the discovery. He who gives relief to thousands, languishing on the bed of sickness, is to be sure an empiric, and unworthy of countenance and protection.

A *bad head* generally indicates a *bad heart*. A *fool* nine times in ten, to the extent of his abilities, is a *knave*. And it is happy for mankind that knaves commonly are fools, and generally *too cunning* for their *own interest*. Thus it has happened with many of the opponents to the Tractors. Gross palpable lies, which were easily detected, have been circulated to disparage Perkinism. The detection of those lies has served as an advertisement in its favour, and evinced the *motives* of its adversaries. It is wisely ordained by Providence, for the good of society, that knaves should be permitted to *overreach* themselves.

Although many things, which I have enlarged upon in this performance, are intended to be stigmatised, others are introduced merely for the purpose of laughing *with*, but not laughing *at*, the inventors.

The experiments of Aldini, as well as those of certain learned and respectable chemists, the discerning reader will perceive, from the manner in which they are treated, that I have

introduced merely for the purpose of giving them publicity, and thus promoting the interest of science.

Indeed it would be very ill judged in the author to discourage Galvanic experiments, when not attended with inhumanity. Every advance in that science is a step nearer the top of the eminence on which Perkinism rests. I am not, however, very sanguine that Perkinism is likely to derive that immediate support from the step-by-step progress which Galvanism is making, that one would, on the first reflection, be led to imagine. I fear the Medical Profession will fail to support Galvanism the moment it is attempted to be applied to any *useful* purpose, that is, to an *easy* and *cheap* mode of curing diseases, for then it will become identified with the other *offending* practice. Perkins and Aldini I conceive go hand in hand; but the former *cures* diseases, (ay there's the rub) and thereby encroaches on the province of the faculty; and, I apprehend, it will continue to be the province of too many of the medical profession to condemn the *American*, while they bend the knee to the *Italian*.

In the third Canto, entitled 'MANIFESTO,' the author has discussed the merits of every argument, which, to his knowledge, has been



adduced against the Tractors. Their ridiculousness, like that of some of our Bond Street fops, is almost *beyond the reach* of caricature. For instance, when we perceive Dr. Haygarth attempting to persuade the public that the Tractors cure diseases by operating on the *imagination* of the *patient*, although every possessor of them may have daily proof that infants and brute animals are as much subject to their power as the most credulous; and when incontestible proof is adduced by Mr. Perkins of their efficacy on those subjects, we see the Doctor attempt to show that, in those cases, ‘it is not the *patient*, but ‘the *observer*, who is deceived by his own ‘imagination’ — when we next find that Dr. H. and his adherents whose duty it is to *cure* diseases in the most *safe, cheap, and expeditious* manner, anathematize the Tractors, because they *cure* diseases, (as they pretend to suppose) by an operation on the *imagination* (a pleasant remedy!) — when they exclaim against the Tractors, and assert that no confidence is to be placed in their effects, because the *modus operandi* is not explained and demonstrated, like a mathematical problem, although the *modus operandi* of the best and most approved medicines in the *Materia Medica* is even more

inexplicable—when we find it objected to the Tractors, that the testimony of those who support the discovery is not admissible, nor satisfactory, although such testimony is, in every sense, preferable to that on the other side of the question, inasmuch as it is from learned and disinterested men, many of them MEDICAL CHARACTERS. RETIRED ON THEIR FORTUNES FROM BUSINESS—it is difficult to show the ridiculous conduct of the party opposed to Perkinism, in a more conspicuous manner, than by presenting a simple relation of facts. The author has merely endeavoured to give a ludicrous turn to such nonsensical arguments, and, by thus placing them in their just light, show them to be ridiculous as well as foolish.

In the fourth Canto, after exhibiting some specimens of pure and unadulterated quackery, together with some other curious traits of character, the Poet has plunged headlong and headstrong into a battle, which is intended for the entertainment merely of your stout-hearted, roast-beef readers, who feast upon terrible images and horror-fraught descriptions. Ladies and ladies-men, and all other delicate, timid, and gentle readers, are respectfully informed, that



they will do well not to venture too incautiously upon the terrific scenes there introduced.

Should it be objected against this Poem that the author is unnecessarily severe on some occasions, I shall reply, in addition to what has been before observed, respecting the provocations given, that he has founded his severity upon FACTS, and if he has nothing extenuated, he has set down nought in malice. Were men of real science to unite in stripping the mask from ignorant and impudent pretenders to knowledge and acquirements, which they do not possess, society would no longer be imposed on by empirics, pseudo-philosophers, poetasters, and other witlings, who puff themselves into consequence with the less enlightened, but more numerous part of mankind. If, by attacking some of that kind of scribblers, exposing to ridicule and contempt their whimsical and impracticable theories and speculations, and supporting a discovery, which (although it has been treated with unmerited obloquy) experience has proved to be *useful*, the author has been of service to society, and contributed his mite to the treasury of correct literature, his most ardent wishes and expectations will be amply gratified.

The following LINES, relating to the excellent Institution, so frequently mentioned in this Poem, the Author conceives may be copied here, not improperly, as a conclusion to this Introduction.

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An Address delivered before the PERKINEAN SOCIETY,  
at their public Dinner, at the Crown and Anchor, July  
15, 1803, by a Friend to the Institution.

SAY, ' SONS OF SOUL,' when erst th' Omniscient plan  
Design'd this globe the tenement of man,  
What ' firm, immutable, immortal laws,  
' Impress'd on nature by the GREAT FIRST CAUSE;  
Bade jarring atoms form one beauteous whole,  
Fitted to order's durable control?  
SAGES OF SCIENCE, eagle-ey'd, disclose  
What aptitudes and appetencies those,  
Which world with world connect in one vast chain,  
CAUSE and EFFECT, a never ending train?  
Can ye unfold what energies control  
The magnet, faithful to its kindred pole;  
Or render plain the philosophic WHY  
Th' electric fluid fires the cloud-roof'd sky?



Meek they reply; ‘ These causes mock the ken  
 ‘ Of human intellect. Short-sighted men,  
 ‘ With *finite* views, as well might hope to trace  
 ‘ *Infinity*, and fathom boundless space;  
 ‘ With *finite* views, explain the links which bind  
 ‘ The world of matter to the world of mind.  
 ‘ Not Newton’s self could look all nature through,  
 ‘ His, though a wide, was still a partial view.  
 ‘ Experience teaches, from EFFECTS alone,  
 ‘ The works of Deity *in part* are known.

‘ As time rolls on, with raptur’d eye, behold,  
 ‘ The laws of nature constantly unfold!  
 ‘ Behold Galvani’s vivid, viewless flame,  
 ‘ Bids mimic life resuscitate the frame  
 ‘ Of man deceas’d ;—the vital lamp to burn,  
 ‘ With *transitory* glow, in death’s cold urn.  
 ‘ See POINTED METALS, blest with power t’appease,  
 ‘ The ruthless rage of merciless disease,  
 ‘ O’er the frail part a subtil fluid pour,  
 ‘ Drench’d with invisible Galvanic shower,  
 ‘ Till the arthritic, staff and ‘ crutch forego,  
 ‘ And leap exulting like the bounding roe!’

‘ What, though the CAUSES may not be explain’d,  
 ‘ Since these EFFECTS are duly ascertain’d,  
 ‘ Let not self-interest, prejudice, or pride,  
 ‘ Induce mankind to set the means aside :  
 ‘ Means, which, though simple, are by Heav’n design’d,  
 ‘ T’ alleviate the woes of human kind;  
 ‘ Life’s darkest scenes with radiant light to cheer,  
 ‘ Wipe from the cheek of agony the tear.’

Blest be His Memory, who, in happy hour,  
 Gave to humanity this wond'rous power;  
 Friend to the wretched, time shall write thy name,  
 A second Howard, on the rolls of Fame.  
 When late the Fiend of Pestilence could boast  
 His power resistless o'er the western coast,  
 Poison'd the air with fell mephitic breath,  
 Gave countless thousands to the realms of death:  
 Unmov'd by fear, though relatives implore,  
 Mov'd by no claim, save pity for the poor,  
 Thou didst, humane, with god-like aim essay,  
 By med'cine's power, his fury to allay;  
 But soon COLUMBIA mourn'd a PERKINS' doom,  
 Which swell'd the triumph of the sateless tomb.

Ye worthy, honour'd, philanthropic few,  
 The Muse shall weave her brightest wreaths for you,  
 Who, in HUMANITY's bland cause, unite,  
 Nor heed the shafts by interest aim'd, or spite;  
 Like the great Pattern of Benevolence,  
 Hygeia's blessings to the poor dispense;  
 And, though oppos'd by folly's servile brood,  
 ENJOY THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.





# CANTO I.

## OURSELF!

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### ARGUMENT.

GREAT Doctor Caustic is a sage  
Whose merit *gilds* this *iron* age,  
And who deserves, as you'll discover,  
When you have conn'd this Canto over,  
For grand discoveries and inventions,  
A dozen peerages and pensions;  
But having met with rubs and breakers  
From Perkins' metal mischief makers;  
With but three halfpence in his pocket,  
In verses blazing like sky rocket,  
He first sets forth in this Petition  
His *high* deserts but *low* condition.

FROM garret high, with cobwebs hung,  
The poorest wight that ever sung,  
Most gentle Sirs, I come before ye,  
To tell a lamentable story.



What makes my sorry case the sadder,  
 I once stood high on Fortune's ladder<sup>1</sup>;  
 From whence contrive the fickle Jilt did,  
 That your Petitioner should be tilted.

And soon the unconscionable Flirt  
 Will tread me fairly in the dirt,  
 Unless, perchance, these pithy lays  
 Procure me *pence* as well as *praise*.

Already doom'd to hard quill-driving,  
 'Gainst spectred poverty still striving,  
 When e'er I doze, from vigils pale,  
 Dame Fancy locks me fast in jail.

Necessity, though I am no wit,  
 Compels me now to turn a poet;

<sup>1</sup> I once stood high on Fortune's ladder.

Although Dame FORTUNA was, by ancient mythologists, represented as a whimsical being, cutting her capers on the periphery of a large wheel, I am justified in accommodating her Goddessship with a ladder, by virtue of a figure in Rhetoric called POETICA LICENTIA, (*anglicè*) Poets' Licentiousness.

Not *born*, but *made*, by transmutation,  
And chemic process, call'd—*starvation*!

Though Poet's trade, of all that I know,  
Requires the least of ready rhino;  
I find a deficit of cash is  
An obstacle to cutting dashes.

For Gods and Goddesses, who traffic  
In cantos, odes, and lays seraphic;  
Who erst Arcadian whistle blew sharp,  
Or now attune Apollo's Jews-harp,

Have sworn they will not loan me, gratis,  
Their jingling sing-song apparatus,  
Nor teach me how, nor where to chime in  
My *tintinabulum* of rhyming.<sup>2</sup>

What then occurs? A lucky hit—  
I've found a substitute for wit;

<sup>2</sup> My *tintinabulum* of rhyming.

The clock-work tintinabulum of rhyme. COWPER.



On Homer's pinions mounting high,  
I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.<sup>3</sup>

Beddoes (bless the good Doctor) has  
Sent me a bag full of his gas,<sup>4</sup>  
Which, snuff'd the nose up, makes wit brighter,  
And eke a dunce an airy writer.

<sup>3</sup> I'll drink Pierian puddle dry.

Pursuant to Mr. Pope's advice;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

<sup>4</sup> Sent me a bag full of his gas,

This wondrous soul-transporting modification of matter is christened by chemists *Gaseous oxyd of nitrogen*, and, as will be apparent, from the following sublime stanza, and my judicious comments thereon (in which I hold the *microscope* of criticism to those my peculiar beauties, which are not visible to the *naked eye* of common sense), is a subject worthy the serious attention of the poet and physiologist.

Any 'half-formed witling,' as Pope says, (*Essay on Criticism*,) 'may hammer crude conceptions into a sort of measured nonsense, vulgarly called 'prose bewitched.' But the daring mortal, who aspires to 'build with lofty rhyme' an *Ævi Monumentum*, before he sets about the mighty enterprise, must be filled with a sort of incom-

With which a brother bard, inflated,  
Was so stupendously elated,

prehensible *quiddam* of divine inflation. Then, if he can keep clear of Bedlam, and be allowed the use of pen, ink, and paper, every line he scribbles, and every phrase he utters, will be a miracle of sublimity. Thus one Miss Sibyl remained stupid as a barber's block, till overpowered by the overbearing influence of Phœbus. But when:

---

—ea fræna furenti

Concutit, et stimulos sub pectore vertit Apollo ;

the frantic gipsy muttered responses at once sublime, prophetic, and unintelligible.

Indeed this *furor mentis*, so necessary an ingredient in the composition of the genuine poet, sometimes terminates in real madness, as was unfortunately the case with Collins and Smart : Swift, Johnson, and Cowper, were not without dismal apprehensions of a similar fate. The wight, therefore, who wishes to secure to himself a sublunary immortality by dint of poetizing, and happens not to be *Poeta Nascitur*, must, like Doctor Caustic, in the present instance, seek a sort of cow-pock-like substitute for that legitimate rabies, which characterises the true sons of Apollo.

Although my own experiments with Dr. Beddoes's

He tour'd, like Garnerin's balloon,  
Nor stopp'd, like half wits, at the moon.

sublimating gas would not warrant me in pronouncing it superior to the genuine, fresh-imported waters of Helicon, still I have no doubt but a person possessed, as Dr. Darwin expresses it, of a 'Temperament of increased irritability,' or, as Dr. Brown would have it, whose animal machine was accommodated with a smaller quantity of 'Excitability,' might receive astonishing benefits from the stimulus of this gaseous oxyd of nitro-gene.

Mature deliberation and sedulous investigation of this important subject have led me to conclude, that the benefits which result from inhaling this gas have been more widely diffused than has been generally imagined, and not at all confined to those persons in whom it produced the singular effects detailed by Dr. Beddoes, in his ingenious pamphlet on a certain windy Institution, entitled, '*Notice,*' &c. Most of the sublime speculations of our modern System-Mongers, from Doctor Burnet, who encompassed the earth with a crust, like the shell of a tortoise, and which, being unfortunately fractured, produced a Noah's flood, to Dr. Darwin, with his '*omnia e conchis,*' have arisen from immoderate potations of this wildering gas.



But scarce had breath'd three times before he  
 Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story, <sup>5</sup>  
 Where mortals none but poets enter,  
 Above where Mahomet's ass dar'd venture.

Strange things he saw, and those who know him  
 Have said that, in his Epic Poem, <sup>6</sup>  
 To be complete within a year hence,  
 They'll make a terrible appearance.

<sup>5</sup> Was hous'd in heaven's high upper story.

Brother Southey then made the important discovery  
 that 'the atmosphere of the highest of all possible hea-  
 vens was composed of this gas.' *Beddoes' Notice.*

<sup>6</sup> Have said that in his Epic Poem.

The same poem to which the gentleman alludes in  
 his huge quarto edition of *Joan of Arc*, in the words fol-  
 lowing—'Liberal criticism I shall attend to, and I hope  
 'to profit by, in the execution of my MADOC, an epic  
 'poem on the discovery of America, by that Prince, on  
 'which I am now engaged.'

As *liberal* criticism appears a great desideratum with  
 this sublime poet, I trust he will gratefully acknowledge  
 the specimen of my liberality towards a worthy brother  
 in my 4th canto.

And now, to set my verses going,  
 Like ‘*Joan of Arc*,’ sublimely flowing,  
 I’ll follow Southey’s bold example,  
 And snuff a scone full, for a sample.

Good Sir, enough! enough already!  
 No more, for Heav’n’s sake!—steady!—steady!  
 Confound your stuff!—why how you sweat me!  
 I’d rather swallow all mount *Ætna*!

How swiftly turns this giddy world round,  
 Like tortur’d top, by truant twirl’d round;  
 While Nature’s capers wild amaze me,  
 The beldam’s crack’d or Caustic crazy!<sup>7</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The beldam’s crack’d or Caustic crazy.

Or, it is possible, may it please your Worships, that I—I for the matter of that am a little te—te—tipsey, or so.—But as there may perhaps be, as it were, now and then, one of your Right Worshipful Fraternity, who has been in a similar predicament se—se ipse, I hope I shall receive your worships permission to stagger on with a jug full of gas in my noddle, at least, through a stanza or two.

I'm larger grown from head to tail  
 Than Mammoth, elephant, or whale!—  
 Now feel a 'tangible extension'<sup>8</sup>  
 Of semi-infinite dimension!

Inflated with supreme intensity,  
 I fill three quarters of immensity!  
 Should Phœbus come this way, no doubt,  
 But I could blow his candle out!

This earth's a little dirty planet,  
 And I'll no longer help to man it,

<sup>8</sup> Now feel a 'tangible extension'  
 Of semi-infinite dimension.

Much in the same way was Mr. Davy affected in consequence of respiring this soul-elevating gas. He informs us, that after having been shut up in a breathing-box for an hour and a quarter, 'A thrilling, extending  
 'from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a tangible extension, highly  
 'pleasurable in every limb; my visible impressions were  
 'dazzling, and apparently magnified.' *Davy's Researches Chemical and Philosophical.*



But off will flutter, in a tangent,<sup>9</sup>  
 And make a harum scarum range on't!

<sup>9</sup> But off will flutter, in a tangent,  
 And make a harum scarum range on't!

Mr. Davy's dose had a similar operation. He says,  
 ' I lost all connexion with external things. Trains of  
 ' vivid visible images rapidly passed through my mind,  
 ' and were connected with words, in such a manner as to  
 ' produce perceptions perfectly novel. I existed in a  
 ' world of newly connected, and newly modified ideas.  
 ' I theorised, I *imagined* that I made discoveries.' (Per-  
 haps, if the learned lecturer were to repeat the dose, he  
 might in *reality* hit on something of little less im-  
 portance than the grand discoveries of Dr. Caustic.)  
 ' When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance,  
 ' by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth,  
 ' indignation and pride were the first feelings produced  
 ' by the sight of the persons about me. My motions  
 ' were enthusiastic and sublime, and for a minute I  
 ' walked round the room perfectly regardless of what  
 ' was said to me. As I recovered my former state of  
 ' mind I felt an inclination to communicate the dis-  
 ' coveries I had made during the experiment. I endea-  
 ' voured to recal the ideas; they were feeble and in-  
 ' distinct. One collection of terms, however, presented  
 ' itself; and with the most intense belief, and prophetic  
 ' manner I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, " Nothing ex-  
 ' exists but thought; the universe is composed of im-

## II

Stand ye appall'd ! quake ! quiver ! quail !  
 For lo I stride a comet's tail !  
 If my deserts you fail to acknowledge,  
 I'll drive it plump against your college ! !

But if your Esculapian band  
 Approach my highness, cap in hand,  
 And show vast tokens of humility,  
 I'll treat your world with due civility.

As Doctor Young foretold, right soon  
 I'll make your earth another moon,<sup>10</sup>

“pressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!!!” *Davy's Researches.*

*My sensations in consequence of respiring this gas were not precisely the same, though somewhat similar to those of Mr. Davy. That gentleman could not ‘recall’ the ‘vivid visible images’ which made such ‘rapid progress through his mind, and produced perceptions perfectly novel!’ But I have recorded, in the following stanzas, some of the most important ideas, which passed through my mind, and am willing to own that pride and indignation were predominant.*

<sup>10</sup> I'll make your earth another moon.

The idea of the practicability of this stupendous per-

And Phœbus then, an arrant ass,  
May turn his ponies out to grass.

formance I derived March 28th at the Royal Institution; into the gallery of which I had the happiness to obtain admission, by virtue of a borrowed *blue* ticket. That learned lecturer was then discoursing on Secondary Planets, Moon, Satellites, Force of Gravitation, Keplerian Laws, &c. In the course of his observations he alluded to the well known apprehensions of the hen-hearted Sir Isaac Newton, respecting the mischief comets might produce to our earth, should any of these journeying gentry take it into their heads to come within the sphere of its attraction.

Whether the humane, polite, and learned Doctor was impelled to this speculation from perceiving an emotion like that of terror and anxiety among the fair part of his audience, which he was solicitous to dispel, or whether he has actually discovered some new secret in the laws of gravitation, evincing that the largest bodies are attracted most powerfully by the smallest, and that of consequence one of these huge flaming masses of matter, whose velocity and projectile force are almost incalculable, should, in conformity to the said new laws, take up its residence among us; and, with all the politeness and agility of a French dancing-master, skip about our puny globe in company with Miss Luna, are points which with me remain undetermined; but such certainly were the cheer-



But now, alas! a wicked wag  
Has pull'd away the gaseous bag,

ing hopes his profound speculations lead us to entertain.

If we are really to be blessed with another moon from this source (I should have termed it a *sun*, had not Dr. Young pronounced it a moon) it will evidently not be such a changeable jade as ours is at present; for, being an entire flame, it will shine with unborrowed lustre, so that it will be a matter of no consequence whether its face or backside is turned towards us. In that case our new moon, as was judiciously observed by an Hibernian of my acquaintance, would be of more consequence than even the sun itself, for that shines only in the day time, when we can see very well without him.

On the whole, after weighing the subject maturely, deliberately, and considerately, as its importance requires, I am disposed to think that we are indebted to the ladies for this *lunary* (not *lunatic*) speculation of Doctor Young. This opinion I ground on the excessive sensibility which that polite lecturer on many occasions shews and most undoubtedly feels for the fair sex.

Leaving these moot points, however, to be decided by more competent judges, I cannot pass over one important affair which I have just right to exclaim against, as an infringement on my rights as a free-born British subject. Every proprietor of the Royal Insti-

From heav'n, where thron'd, like Jove, I sat,  
I'm 'fal'n! fal'n! fal'n' down! flat! flat! flat!"

tution has two red tickets transferable, which admit the possessor into the lower part, or body of the house, and also one *blue* ticket, transferable, to take his servants into the gallery. I have said above that I obtained a seat in the gallery by the aid of one of these blue tickets. This ticket I borrowed of Sir Joseph's coachman. Could it be imagined that my presence should have caused so much alarm, that orders should be immediately given that no person should thereafter be admitted by the blue ticket, which orders are in force to this day. Knowing that I could not contrive to possess myself of a red ticket, to admit me among ladies and gentlemen, this arrangement was intended for my particular vexation.

Being on good terms with the coachman aforesaid, I have been allowed to hold this blue ticket in possession, and have frequently essayed, by virtue thereof, to enter the gallery. But that old Cerberus of a door-keeper has ever growled me back again, with a Gorgon-like aspect which would have petrified any heart, unless, like mine, it were previously rendered callous by adversity.

Indeed it is apparent, from the conduct of the Managers, that the whole host of Literati, at the Royal Institution, would be more terrified at beholding the meagre phiz of Doctor Caustic stretched over the front seat

Just so the ancient poets learn us  
 That crows, which flew o'er lake Avernus,  
 Were so bestench'd, in half a minute,  
 They giddy grew and tumbled in it.

And so a blade, who is too handy  
 To help himself to wine or brandy,  
 At first gets higher, then gets lower,  
 Then tumbles dead drunk on the floor!

Such would have been my sad case, if  
 I'd taken half another tiff;  
 And even now, I can not swear,  
 I'm not as mad as a March hare!

of the gallery, to scrutinize their proceedings, than if  
 the cloven-footed fiend should in reality make his personal  
 appearance in the midst of them.

" ' Im fal'n! fal'n! fal'n' down! flat! flat! flat!

See Dryden's Feast of Alexander, where one King  
 Darius has a terrible tumble down, beautifully described  
 by half a dozen 'fallens.' But I think the Persian  
 Monarch did not, after all, fall quite so *flat* as Doctor  
 Caustic.



How these confounded gasses serve us!  
 But Beddoes says that I am nervous,  
 And that this oxyde gas of nitre  
 Is bad for such a nervous writer!

Indeed, Sir, Doctor, very odd it is  
 That you should deal in such commodities;  
 Which drive a man beside his wits,  
 And women to hysteric fits! <sup>12</sup>

Now since this wildering gas inflation  
 Is not the thing for inspiration,  
 I'll take a glass of cordial gin,  
 Ere my sad story I begin.

And then proceed, with courage stout,  
 From 'hard-bound brains' to hammer out  
 My case forlorn, in doleful ditty,  
 To melt your worships heart to pity.

<sup>12</sup> And women to hysteric fits.

See the lamentable case of the Lady, page 16th of Dr. Beddoes's pamphlet, who, taking a drop too much of this panacea, fell into hysterical fits, &c.

Sirs, I have been in high condition,  
 A right respectable PHYSICIAN;  
 And pass'd, with men of shrewd discerning,  
 For wight of most prodigious learning;

For I could quote, with flippant ease,  
 Grave Galen and Hippocrates,  
 Brown, Cullen, Sydenham and such men,  
 Besides a *shoal* of learned Dutchmen.<sup>13</sup>

In all disorders was so clever,  
 From toothach, up to typhus fever,  
 That I by learned men was reckon'd  
 Don Æsculapius the second!

No case to me was problematic;  
 Pains topical, or symptomatic,

<sup>13</sup> Besides a *shoal* of learned Dutchmen.

Boerhaave, Steno, De Graaf, Swammerdam, Zimmerman, *cum multis aliis*. By the bye, Gentlemen, this epithet *shoal* is not always to be taken in a *shallow* sense; but, when applied to such *deep* fellows, must be considered as a noun of multitude, as we say a *shoal* of herrings.

From aching head, to gouty toes,  
The hidden cause I could disclose.

Minute examiner of Nature,  
And most sagacious operator,  
I could discern, prescribe, apply  
And cure <sup>14</sup>disease in louse's eye. <sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> ——— discern, prescribe, apply,  
And cure ————

My learned friend, Doctor Timothy Triangle, perusing the manuscript of this my pithy Petition, discovered that my description of the *modus operandi* on the insect as above, compared with the celebrated “*veni, vidi, vici*,” as a specimen of fine writing, is superiour in the direct proportion of *four* to *three*, consequently Dr. Caustic has advanced one step higher in the climax of sublimity than Julius Cæsar.

<sup>15</sup> ———disease in louse's eye.

I do not pretend that in this, and other acquisitions herein stated, I have been so fortunate as to exceed many other profound geniuses, who have delighted the learned world with sublime discoveries in the abstruse sciences of insect-ology, mite-ology, and nothing-ology. Such gentlemen, for instance, as Leewenhoek, Reaumur, Swammerdam, and Monsieur Lyonet. Indeed I have discovered *prodigious* curiosities, which escaped the notice of the latter philosopher, in the organization of



To insect small as e'er one sees  
 Floating in torrid summer breeze,  
 Although to less than nothing verging,  
 Could give a vomit or a purging.

I had a curious little lancet,  
 Your worships could not help but fancy it,

La Chenille de Saule, or caterpillar of the willow. The extent of his discoveries on this insect will be perceived from the following statement by Adams, in his work on the Microscope. 'The number of muscles that our observer (M. Lyonet) has been able to distinguish is truly astonishing. He found 228 in the head, 1647 in the body, and 2066 in the intestinal tube, making in all 3941.'

And I might boast that I have felt the *feverish* pulse of that invisible family, the Animalcula Infusoria; and effected jugular phlebotomy on a sick louse, without subjecting the unhappy insect to the *ad unguem* operation, attempted by every bungling old woman, in our scholastic nurseries. In short, gentlemen, in my opinion, I ought to be placed in the ranks of literature, somewhere within gun-shot of Linnæus. But I have still further claims to your polite attention. I am an animal, of the *Class* of Illuminati, the *Order* of Authors, the *Genus* of Poets, and the *Species* of Garreteers, which last distinction shews me to be an *elevated* character, and of consequence one who ought to stand *high* in your estimation.

By which I show'd, with skill surprising,  
The whole art of *flea*-botomising!

And with it oft inoculated  
(At which friend Jenner 'll be elated)  
Flies, fleas, and gnats, with cow-pock matter,  
And not one *soul* took small-pox a'ter!

Could take a microscopic mite,  
Invisible to naked sight;  
*Ad infinitum*, could divide it,  
For times *unnumber'd* have I try'd it.

With optic glass, of great utility,  
Could make the essence of nihility  
To cut a most enormous figure,  
Like St. Paul's Church, or even bigger! <sup>16</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Like St. Paul's Church, or even bigger!

I propose, immediately, to open a shop for the manufacture of these glasses, provided I can obtain sufficient credit for that purpose. Then of course Adams, Jones, and Dollond, must shut up theirs. I shall admit into partnership with me a friend of mine, who some time since applied to the Honourable Board of Longi-

A soldier in my glass's focus,<sup>17</sup>  
 Without the aid of hocus pocus,

tude, humbly hoping to obtain a premium for having invented an optical instrument, which would display the wing of a fly, placed on the top of St. Paul's, and pored at from the street adjacent, as large as the mainsail of a man of war.

It is well known that this distinguished, right honourable body are little less noted, than the gentlemen of the Trinity House, for their discernment in appreciating true merit, and their liberality in rewarding those artists whose inventions or discoveries have any connexion with the improvement of navigation, especially if such artist happen to be as poor as he is ingenious. The said Board of Longitude were so astonishingly liberal in the present instance, that they offered to reward him with no less than thirty pounds sterling; and I have no doubt but they would have paid the whole sum, either in cash, or accepted bills of a short date. This, indeed, was a huge sum, when it is considered that the inventor had laboured, with unremitting assiduity, in perfecting this instrument no more than seven years. But his indignant ingenuity spurned at that sum as trifling and inadequate, and he accordingly broke his glass before the faces of his noble patrons.

But notwithstanding the unfortunate issue of this application, great men like Dr. Caustic, and my friend aforesaid, have always resources in their own minds, sufficient to enable them to force their way forward in society. Improvements of such magnitude are now in-



Would be as terrible to see as  
The hundred-handed Briareus.

roduced in the mechanism of this instrument, principally by my instrumentality, that we should be justified in refusing any reward, as too trivial for our merits, which the united funds of all Europe could bestow.

I shall only state to your Worships a few of the important objects to which our astonishing magnifier may be advantageously applied.—

It has been supposed, by some people of little or no research, that certain persons (very *unlike* the gentlemen of the Trinity House and the honourable Board above mentioned) have no *souls*. But by taking a squint at them through our instrument, which makes *nibility* visible, you may perceive that each has a soul about the size of a large lobster.

A certain statesman had been thought to possess no *talents*, and to be sure they were not quite visible to the naked eye; but, when peered at through our peerless microscope, this same statesman not only appeared superiour to Machiavel, as a politician, but his splendid abilities shed ineffable lustre on all his *relations*!!

This microscope is equally useful in magnifying *services*, which have been rendered community. Thus the uncles, aunts, cousins, sisters, brothers, and little children, of the aforesaid statesman, by virtue thereof, seemed to have rendered such services to community, that nothing short of the most princely revenues, clerkships of *Pells*, &c. &c. &c. could reward them in proportion to their deserts, or enable them to support, in a suitable manner, their newly-acquired dignity.

A fish-boat seem a grand flotilla,  
 To frighten Addington or Billy;  
 Appear a dreadful French invasion  
 T' annihilate the British nation.

Could tell, and never be mistaken,  
 What future oaks were in an acorn;  
 And even calculate, at pleasure,  
 The cubic inches they would measure.

Discover'd worlds within the pale  
 Of tip end of a tadpole's tail,

<sup>17</sup> A soldier in my glass's focus.

Somewhat similar to the microscope described by Mr. Adams.

'Leuwenhoek discovered in the eyes of the *Libellula*  
 ' 12544 triangular lenses, each forming a distinct image  
 ' of the object placed before it. On turning your eye  
 ' towards a soldier, by the aid of the mirror of the mi-  
 ' croscope, you will have an army of pigmies, perform-  
 ' ing every motion in the same instant of time.'

*Adams on the Microscope, p. 339.*

My improvement of the glasses renders each of these  
 ' pigmies' as big as a Polyphemus.

And took possession of the same  
In my good friend Sir JOSEPH's name ;<sup>18</sup>

And soon shall publish, by subscription,  
A topographical description  
Of worlds aforesaid, which shall go forth  
In *fool's* cap folio, gilt, and so forth.

Could tell how far a careless fly  
Might chance to turn this globe awry,  
If flitting round, in giddy circuit,  
With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it !<sup>19</sup>

<sup>18</sup> In my good friend, Sir JOSEPH's name.

This was immensely proper, as I propose colonising these hitherto *Terræ Incognitæ*, and know of no person in existence, except myself, (who am now decrepid with age, and, alas, sadly poverty-stricken) whose scientific qualifications, knowledge of the coast and well-known ardent zeal in the science of Tadpolism, so well entitle him to command such an important expedition.

<sup>19</sup> With leg or wing, he kick or jerk it.

Could I command the years of a Nestor, the 'indelible ink' of a Lettsom, and the diligence of a Dutch commentator, I should still readily acknowledge that



Could amputate with ease, I trow,  
A puppy's leg—in *utero*; <sup>20</sup>

my powers were totally inadequate to the task of eulogising, in proportion to their merits, the philosophical and literary performances of that profound sage Dr. James Anderson, LL.D. F.R.S. *Scotland*, &c. &c. &c. &c. whose mysterious hints afforded a clue by which I have been enabled to add lustre to the present age, by many of my own sublime discoveries and inventions.

In his *deep* work called '*Recreations in Agriculture and Natural History*,' the Dr. says, among other things not less marvellous, 'The mathematician can demonstrate, ' with the most decisive certainty, that no *fly* can alight ' on this globe which we inhabit, without communicating *motion* to it; and he can ascertain, with the ' most accurate precision, *if so he choose to do*,' (by the bye this *sine qua non* part of the sentence is very beautiful, and not at all redundant) ' what must be the ' exact amount of the motion thus produced.' Vol. ii. p. 350.

<sup>20</sup> A puppy's leg—in *utero*.

More wonderful matter, perfected from hints of Dr. A. ! After telling the public how to propagate rabbits with one ear, which would be no less useful than the renowned Gulliver's breed of 'naked sheep,' the Doctor says, 'I know another instance of a dog, which was ' brought forth with *three legs only*, the fourth *being wanting*:' (which last curious circumstance might possibly happen, if it had *three legs only*.) 'It chanced to

And matters comical have moulded,  
For docking colts that were not foaled.<sup>21</sup>

‘ be a *female* ; *she* has had several litters of puppies, and  
‘ among these several individuals were produced that  
‘ had the same defect with herself ; but no pains were  
‘ taken to perpetuate this breed by pairing them with  
‘ others of the same kind.’ To be sure a most lamentable  
circumstance ! Vol. i. p. 68.

<sup>21</sup> For docking colts that were not foaled.

Another Andersonianism. ‘ It has been several  
times,’ says the Doctor, ‘ taken notice of by naturalists,  
‘ that in England, where the practice of docking horses  
‘ very short, for a long time prevailed, the horses nat-  
‘ urally produced have *fewer joints* in their tails than  
‘ those of other countries ; and though I have never  
‘ heard it noticed, that any were produced, without  
‘ having a tail, that required to be docked, yet it may  
‘ have often happened without being remarked ; for as  
‘ it would not be known, when old, from one that had  
‘ been docked, it might pass unobserved.’ The Doc-  
tor afterwards appears surprised, (as well he might be,  
at such an extraordinary phenomenon) that many men,  
who have lost a leg, or an arm, have had children after  
the accident, and these, for the most part, free from  
any blemish !!

But the above quotations are but puny crackers, compared with some great guns this writer can occasionally let off. Pray how then can the public withstand the artillery of the indignant Doctor when plied against the

And could prepare a puny fry  
Of yet unborn homunculi

Metallic Tractors, those *petty* instruments of *pretended* mighty power, which, as will hereafter more fully appear, have been the fruitful source of woes unnumbered to Doctor Caustic?

At a time when I was all dismay for some new argument against Perkinism, my ingenious friend, to shew its falling reputation, among other conceptions equally happy and equally well founded, published in one of his '*Recreations*,' 'that the price of the Tractors was now 'reduced to four guineas the set.', when, in fact, no such thing was ever in contemplation. On the contrary, an advance has since taken place in their price to six guineas. Indeed I may challenge any son of Galen to exceed my worthy friend in intrepidity of this sort.

As to any ill-natured report Mr. Knight\* may raise against the integrity of this philosopher, or any notion the public may entertain respecting his collusive operations with honest Forsyth, I shall merely assert that I would not believe a syllable to that effect, were it ever so true. I confess, however, if Forsyth were my particular friend, I might whisper in the good man's ear, that so useful is it to preserve the good graces of that

\* See a Letter, published by White, from *Thomas Andrews Knight, Esq.* to *Doctor Anderson*, in which he most uncourtously imputes unworthy motives to the said Doctor; and without any remorse, or the fear of shame before his eyes, talks about a private interest to answer, of a greater deficit of veracity, &c.



To chant the dulcified *squeakissimo*,  
And eke to trill the *grand squallissimo*.<sup>22</sup>

By bare inspecting, though months a'ter,  
A place where patient *had* made water,  
I could divine, with skill unfailing,  
Of what disorder he was ailing!

And you'll allow, sans hesitation,  
On score of vast accommodation,

old vixen y'clept *Public Opinion*, I should rather prefer  
to have my discoveries rest on their own merits, than  
on the credit of even so great a man as Doctor An-  
derson!

<sup>22</sup> And eke to trill the *grand squallissimo*!

I anticipate the being idolized by amateurs of Italian  
operas for this my beautiful invention. Surely it must  
be allowed I have herein far exceeded even what my  
friend Doctor Anderson would have supposed possible.  
As soon as this my invention is made public (which  
shall take place whenever I have by patent, or parlia-  
mentary donation, secured to myself the emoluments  
thereunto belonging) John Bull may gratify his delicate  
taste for refined music, without the trouble and expence  
of importing from Italy those pretty *things*, whose deli-  
cious warblings compose the soul of *true melody*.

That few discoveries this can equal,  
When you have heard me through the sequel.

For bottled urine has, no doubt,  
In public mails, been frank'd about ;  
(A thing there must be mighty trouble in,)  
To London, as it were, from Dublin, <sup>23</sup>

That such a man as Doctor Mayersbach,  
(Such things took place not many years back) <sup>24</sup>

<sup>23</sup> To London, as it were, from Dublin.

Contemplate for a moment, gentlemen, the extreme inconvenience attending the present mode of conveying, for the purpose of medical scrutiny, the singular contents of these bottles, to and fro, from Dan to Beersheba. Besides, our patients cannot *all* be Lord Lieutenants of Ireland. They cannot *all* enjoy the privilege of franking, per mail, all sorts of commodities, such as millstones and necklaces, bales of Irish linen and ladies slippers; and unless by particular act of parliament, allowing bottles of urine, like stamped almanacks, a free passage per mail, to any part of his majesty's dominions, I confess I do not see how Dr. Mayersbach can exercise, so often as could be wished, his soothsaying sagacity on the precious contents of such bottles.

<sup>24</sup> Such things took place not many years back.

I was at the house of Dr. M. when the postman, be-

Might view this uric oxyd's basis,<sup>25</sup>  
And rightly understand the cases.

sides the usual budget of letters, brought a huge bottle *franked* from Dublin Castle. I have particular satisfaction, however, in stating, for the information of those ladies and gentlemen who by the same mail may have received either love letters, or state letters, that I have no reason to apprehend (as there was no apparent leakage or fissure in the bottle) that those letters were actually p—d upon.

<sup>25</sup> ———uric oxyd's basis.

I wish it may not be inferred from my adopting the term *Uric Oxyd*, that I propose to take any part in the controversy between Doctor Pearson and that blustering Fourcroy; though I have no hesitation in asserting (in *privato*) that my countryman is right. But I would submit to any brother poet, who knows that

‘ Rhyme the rudder is of verses,

‘ By which, like ships, they steer their courses,’

and who sometimes, like myself, is non-plussed for want of a proper expression to convey an important idea, whether there need be any other proof of the existence of the Uric Oxyd than the genteel gingle thereby introduced in this my incomparable poem, and the happy opportunity thereby afforded for mentioning an *indelicate matter* in so *delicate* a manner, that the most *delicate person* in existence, (myself for instance) may express the thing, and preserve his, or her cheek, as free from a blush as a snow-ball. Supposing I had said, ‘ Lithic Acid,’ as Scheele and Fourcroy would have had me, not a soul would have understood it.



But I've a plan by which our betters  
 May make a few drops on their letters; <sup>26</sup>  
 And though it be but '*monstrous* little,'  
 I'll tell what ails them to a tittle.

And since I ought, as well as Jenner,  
 To have some pence to buy a dinner,  
 I shall solicit cash and thanks  
 From Parl'ment, for preventing franks.

Oft have I quench'd man's vital spark :  
 'The Soul's old cottage,' cold and dark,  
 Again, in spite of Death, our grand ill,  
 Illum'd as one would light a candle. <sup>27</sup>

<sup>26</sup> May make a few drops on their letters.

You will please, gentlemen, to take particular notice, that my mode of consecrating e-pist-olary favours intended the Esculapian fraternity, will effectually preclude the risk of any accident happening to a whole mail of letters, many of which are frequently neatly folded, and addressed to as modest and delicate persons as any in the kingdom.

<sup>27</sup> Illum'd as one would light a candle.

In my younger days I lived on terms of intimacy with Doctor Franklin, highly honourable to both parties,

I've shewn a mode, in Latin thesis,  
To pick man's frail machine to pieces,

as it showed we were both men of discernment in choosing each a great man for his friend.

In a letter from that venerable sage, afterwards printed, (*See Franklin's Works*, p. 115, vol. ii. 3d edition) he told me that toads buried in sand, shut up in hollow trees, &c. would live for ever, as it were; and, among other things, informed me of certain curious facts about flies, which I will relate in his own words. I have seen an instance of common flies preserved in a manner somewhat similar. They had been drowned in Madeira wine, apparently about the time when it was bottled in Virginia, to be sent to London. At the opening of one of the bottles, at the house of a friend where I was, three drowned flies fell into the first glass which was filled. Having heard it remarked that drowned flies were capable of being revived by the rays of the sun, I proposed making the experiment upon these. They were therefore exposed to the sun upon a sieve, which had been employed to strain them out of the wine. In less than three hours two of them began by degrees to recover life. They commenced by some convulsive motions of the thighs, and at length they raised themselves upon their legs, wiped their eyes with their fore feet, beat and brushed their wings with their hind feet, and soon after began to fly, finding themselves in Old England, without knowing how they came thither. The third continued

And how the same again to botch,  
Just as an artist does a watch ! <sup>28</sup>

‘ lifeless until sunset, when, losing all hopes of him,  
‘ he was thrown away.

‘ I wish it were possible, from this instance, to in-  
‘ vent a method of embalming drowned persons, in such  
‘ a manner that they might be recalled to life at any  
‘ period, however distant ; for, having a very ardent  
‘ desire to see and observe the state of America a hun-  
‘ dred years hence, I should prefer to an ordinary death  
‘ the being immersed in a cask of Madeira wine, with a  
‘ few friends, until that time, then to be recalled to  
‘ life by the solar warmth of my dear country. But  
‘ since, in all probability, we live in an age too early,  
‘ and too near the infancy of science, to see such an art  
‘ brought in our time to perfection, I must, for the  
‘ present, content myself with the treat, which you are  
‘ so kind as to promise me, of the resurrection of a fowl  
‘ or turkey cock.’

Now if your worships will be so obliging as to make  
me a present of a cask of Madeira to try the experiment,  
I will certainly bury myself therein for a century or two,  
and I have no doubt but I shall be awakened with as  
much facility as was Endymion, the famous sleeper of  
antiquity, who slept seventy years at one nap.

<sup>28</sup> Just as an artist does a watch !

I do not arrogate to myself the whole merit of this  
noble invention. Dr. Price and Mr. Godwin, in divers



Thus brother Ovid said or sung once,  
The Gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones,<sup>29</sup>

elaborate works, especially the latter, in his '*Political Justice*,' suggested some ideas which set my ingenuity in such a ferment, that I could not rest quietly till I had brewed a sublime treatise on the best mode of pulling down, repairing, and rebuilding, decayed and worn-out animal machines.

I shall not attempt, in this place, to oblige your worships with any thing like a table of the contents of this judicious and profound performance. I will, however, gratify your curiosity so far as to glance cursorily at a few of the leading topics therein discussed and illustrated, and slightly mention some of the immense advantages which will be the result of this discovery.

In the first place, I make it apparent, by a long series of experiments and scientific deductions, drawn therefrom, that it is very practicable to enlighten the mind of a stupid fellow, by battering, boring, or pulling his body to pieces. Mr. Pope's authority is here to my purpose, who tells us, that

'The soul's dark cottage *batter'd* and decay'd,  
' Lets in *new light* through chinks which time has  
made.'

Mr. Grey, likewise, in his '*Hymn to Adversity*,' requests that 'Daughter of Jove' to impose *gently* her 'iron hand,' and trouble him a *little* with her 'torturing hour,' although he appears disposed to avoid, if

By process, not one whit acuter,  
Than making *new* pots from *old* pewter.

possible, her more dismal accompaniments, such as her 'Gorgonic frown,' and the 'funereal cry of horror.'

The Spaniards, under Cortes and Pizarro, managed much in the same way, and enlightened the natives of the mighty empires of Peru and Mexico in the Great Truths of Christianity, by killing a part, reducing the remainder to a state of servitude, and battering their souls' cottages at their leisure. This process is in part expressed in a Poetical Epistle, which I received not long since from my correspondent settled at Terra del Fuego, in South America, who thus expresses the conduct of some of his acquaintance, in converting the Aborigines to Christianity.

Good folks to America came  
To curtail old Satan's dominions;  
The natives, the more to their shame,  
Stuck fast to their ancient opinions.

Till a method the pious men find,  
Which ne'er had occur'd to your dull wits,  
Of making sky-lights to the mind,  
By boring the body with bullets.

Like Pope with his process so droll,  
To illume an old clod-pated noddie;  
They thought they might burnish the soul,  
By beating a hole in the body.

So fam'd Aldini, erst in France,  
Led dead folks down a contra-dance,

I have read of a great mathematician, who was uncommonly stupid till about the age of twenty, when he accidentally pitched head first into a deep well, fractured his scull, and rendered it necessary to trepan him. After the operation it was immediately evident that his wit was much improved, and he soon became a prodigy of intellect. Whether this alteration was caused by 'new light let in through chinks, the trepanning chissel 'had made,' or whether the texture and position of the brain were materially changed for the better, in consequence of the jar and contusion of the fall, I shall leave to some future Lavater, or any other gentleman, who can gauge the capacity of a statesman, or a barrel of porter, with equal facility, to determine.

2d. I proceed to demonstrate that man being, as our most enlightened modern philosophers allow, jumbled together by mere Chance (a blind capricious Goddess, who, half her time, does not know what she is about) it is extremely easy to understand the principles of his texture; because the mechanism of his frame is less intricate than that of a common spit jack. Consequently a Solomon or a Brodum can mend this machine when deranged as well as a Harvey, a Sydenham, or a Mead.

3d. I proceed to prove, from analogy, with what facility this machine may be disjointed, pulled to pieces, and again botched together. My friend Mahomet had his heart taken out, a drop of black blood expressed therefrom, and went about his common concerns the



And made them rigadon and chassée  
 As well as when alive, I dare say! <sup>30</sup>

next day, as well as ever. So when a sighing swain is taken desperately in love, he may lose all his insides without any very serious inconvenience. This I can attest from *sad experience*, as, about forty years since, I was terribly in for 't, with a sweet little sprig of divinity, whose elbow was ever her most prominent feature, whenever I had the audacity to attempt to approximate the shrine of her Goddessship.

4th. The important advantages, which will undoubtedly arise from this invention, are almost too obvious to require explanation. I shall however advert to a few.

By taking the animal machine to pieces, you may divest it of such particles as clog its wheels, and render its motions less perfect. A decayed worn-out gallant may have *its* parts separated, thoroughly burnished, botched together, and rendered as bright as a new-coined silver sixpence. Thus my venerable Piccadilly friend, who, as Darwin expresses it, sometimes 'clasps a beauty in *Platonic* arms,' if he should, fifty years hence, perceive that the mechanism of his frame is rather the worse for wear, may come to Doctor Caustic, and be rebuilt into as fine a young Buck as any in Christendom.

5th. Hereditary diseases may be thus culled from the constitution, and gouty and other deleterious particles separated from those which are sound and healthful.

Pride may be picked from the composition of an up-

And I once offer'd, very prettily,  
To patch up Frenchmen kill'd in Italy,

start mushroom of a nobleman, impudence from a quack, knavery from a lawyer, moroseness from a monk, testiness from an old bachelor, peevishness from an old maid, in short, mankind altered from what they are to what they ought to be, by a method at once cheap, practicable, easy, and expeditious.

The only difficulty which has ever opposed itself to my carrying this sublime invention to the highest possible pitch of perfection, has been the almost utter impossibility of procuring any man, woman, or child, who is willing to become the subject of operation. Now if either of your worships would loan me his carcase to be picked to pieces, and again botched together in the manner above stated, provided the experiment should not fully succeed, I will engage to pay *all* the damages thereby accruing to community out of one tenth part of the profits of this publication.

<sup>29</sup> The Gods of *old* folks could make *young* ones.

———stricto Medea recludit

Ense senis jugulum: veteremque exire cruorem  
Passa, replet succis. Quos postquam combibit

Æson

Aut ore acceptos, aut vulnere barba, comæque  
Canitie posita nigrum rapuere colorem.

Pulsa fugit macies.

This passage, with a condensation of thought and

Tho' shot, or stabb'd, or hack'd with fell blows,  
As wives patch coats when out at elbows!

Profoundly vers'd in chemic science,  
I could bid matter's laws defiance;

felicity of expression peculiar to myself, I have thus  
happily hit into English.

Medea cut the wither'd weasand  
Of superannuated Eson,  
Then fill'd him with the acrid juices  
Of nettle-tops and flower-de-luces;  
Till from the defunct carcase, lo!  
Started a dashing Bond-Street beau!!

<sup>30</sup> As well as when alive, I daré say!

The feats which our daily and monthly publications have informed us were achieved in Paris by this magician, before his arrival in England, must be fresh in the recollection of every person. The only reason why he did not exhibit dead people in hornpipes and contradances, while in London, was the want of proper subjects for Galvanic experiments. The tedious operation of English gallowses in extinguishing life renders the bodies cold and unsusceptible of any excitement; whereas the clipping French Guillotine will instantly turn them over to the operator in a state susceptible of the slightest stimulus. This fact affords a *scientific* and conclusive argument in favour of the French Revolution.



Was up to Nature, or beyond her,  
In mimic earthquakes, rain, and thunder! <sup>35</sup>

<sup>31</sup> In mimic earthquakes, rain, and thunder!

Chemistry furnishes us with a method of manufacturing *artificial* earthquakes, which will have all the great effects of those that are natural. The old-fashioned receipt for an earthquake, however, of iron filings and sulphur mixed in certain proportions and immersed in the earth, I shall not take the trouble to state to your worships; as most of you have, perhaps, read Mr. Martin's *Philosophy* nearly half through. But my plan is to make such an earthquake as no mortal, except Dr. Darwin and myself, ever supposed possible. The former gentleman made shift to explode the moon from the *Southern Hemisphere* of our earth, and I propose to forward another moon, by an artificial earthquake of my own invention, from the *Northern Hemisphere*, unless Dr. Young's comet, as mentioned in Note 10, should render such moon unnecessary. I will give your worships a specimen of Dr. Darwin's moon-producing earthquake, from '*Botanic Garden*,' Canto ii.

' Gnomes! How you shriek'd! When through the  
' troubled air,  
' Roar'd the fierce din of elemental war;  
' When rose the continents, and sunk the main,  
' And earth's huge sphere exploding burst in twain.—  
' Gnomes! How you gaz'd! When from her wounded  
' side,  
' Where now the *south* sea heaves its waste of tide,

And by a shock of electricity  
(I tell the truth without duplicity)

‘ Rose on swift wheels the MOON’s refulgent car,  
‘ Circling the solar orb, a sister star,  
‘ Dimpled with vales with shining hills emboss’d,  
‘ And roll’d round earth her airless realms of frost.’

No man will say in this case,—

Parturiunt montes nascitur ridiculus mus.

The reaction, at the moment of explosion, of that mass of matter which now composes our moon, is the cause of the obliquity of the polar axis to the poles of the ecliptic, according to Dr. Darwin; though Milton says,

‘ —————Angels turn’d askance  
‘ The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more  
‘ From the sun’s axle, they with labour push’d  
‘ Oblique the centric globe.’ —————

Whether an explosion similar to that, so beautifully described by Dr. Darwin, from the *north* side of the equator, would not set all right, and a new era be announced, which will be, like that of old, when

————— ‘ Spring  
‘ Perpetual smil’d on earth, with vernal flowers,  
‘ Equal in days and nights,’ —————

is a problem worth the attention of our modern philosophers. But, at any rate, I Dr. Caustic will, positively, try the experiment.

I did (what won't again be soon done)  
E'en fairly knock the man in the moon down!<sup>32</sup>

Could tell how Nature works her matters  
In making brutes and human creatures :  
Gave long, detail'd, authentic histories,  
Of all that lady's nameless mysteries.

Now as to my 'rain and thunder' I have only to inform your worships that I have a wife, and she is the very essence of a Xantippe, the yoke-fellow of Socrates. You well remember the observation of that sage, when she supplied him with a vast quantity of those articles, purporting, that after such violent peals of thunder a shower of rain must necessarily follow.

<sup>32</sup> E'en fairly knock'd the man in the moon down!

This notable exploit I think to be a very great improvement on electrical experiments made by a number of renowned French and English philosophers. [See *Priestley's History of Electricity*, page 94.] But for this, with many other matters equally interesting and magnipotent, I must refer the inquisitive to the Appendix of my Fool's Cap Folio Volume, on the Tadpolian Discovery. It may, however, be necessary, in order to shew the extent to which I have surpassed those philosophers, just to state, that the Frenchmen communicated the shock only about two miles and an half, and our own countrymen, with the present bishop of Landaff at their head, about four miles and an half.



I learnt these from as nice a rabbit  
 As naturalist could wish to nab at.<sup>33</sup>  
 With toads and tadpoles made as many  
 Experiments as Spallanzani.<sup>34</sup>

<sup>33</sup> As naturalist could wish to nab at.

Such a gentleman as he who *honoured* the Royal Society with that most *interesting* communication in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. lxxxvii. p. 197.

I cannot express the degree of my contempt for an obscure Ignoramus, who, in a scurvy pamphlet called '*Pursuits of Literature*,' has endeavoured to bespatter the above gentleman, and cast an obloquy on certain *useful* and diverting experiments by him instituted. I trust I need say nothing more to shew the great impudence and folly of this scribbler, than to simply adduce his own most absurd and unreasonable comments. 'Surely  
 ' to sit calmly, and watch with an impure, inhuman, and  
 ' unhallowed curiosity, the progress of the desires, and  
 ' the extinction of the natural passions of devoted animals, after such mutilations and experiments, is a practice *useless*, wicked, degrading, and barbarous.'

<sup>34</sup> Experiments as Spallanzani.

I have been the more solicitous to eulogise this great Philosopher, that I might thereby establish my *own* reputation as a *polite* and a *fashionable* writer. For thus I implicitly follow the laudable example of most of the truly gentlemen literati in Europe, who have vied with each other in doling out the incense of their admiration

But what surpasses, you'll admit,  
All former bounds of human wit,

at the altar of this demi-god of an Abbe. Such, however, was the tendency to public *utility*, and to the mitigation of the sufferings of humanity, evident in the multifarious pursuits of this philosopher, that certainly the most rigid theologian would acknowledge that a moderate adoration of Spallanzani is not the most atrocious kind of idolatry. It is notorious that this said Abbe was a very pious as well as delicate, polite, humane, gentle, genteel gentleman, &c.

Now if my friend, Mr. Pope Pius VII. does not immediately *canonize* Saint Spallanzani, We, Doctor Cautic, will *cannonade* him, and blaze forth our Bull from our garret, well peppered with anathemas, and then his Pontifical Dignity-ship will be forced to doff his Tiara, and acknowledge that We have fairly out-thundered all the thunders of his own Vatican.

But to return from this *flaming* digression. All literary men (as before intimated) agree, (but the writer of the article 'Spallanzani' in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* has more particularly enforced the idea), that the most prominent traits in the character of the Abbe, were *humanity*, *modesty*, and *delicacy of sentiment*. Indeed these features are apparent from the Gentleman's own account of the numerous progeny, to which he was instrumental in giving existence, among motley tribes of frogs, tadpoles, toads, silkworms, and salamanders. 'See

I form'd, by chemical contrivance,  
A little *homo* all alive once! <sup>35</sup>

*Spallanzani's Dissertations on Animals and Vegetables,*  
vol. ii.

But what most ravishes me is that famous experiment on one of the canine race, whose superb result was, as he himself tells us, a beautiful litter of 'three whelps, two males, and one female!'

For reasons which appear to me satisfactory, I must deny myself the privilege of giving your worships a detail of the Abbe's curious manœuvres in the course of this last experiment; but your curiosity will be amply gratified, by turning to page 150, vol. ii. of the aforesaid work of Spallanzani. I would, however, most earnestly recommend to any resolute inquirer, who is determined to know the bottom of this business, to *anticipate* the operation which he may be assured the perusal of the said volume of Spallanzani will otherwise have on the animal system, by previously swallowing an emetic; as to be engaged in such an operation, at the time of reading, must certainly be inconvenient.

Indeed I have had it in contemplation to recommend the perusal of almost any page in any of the works of this great naturalist, as a succedaneum for Tartar-emetic, Ipecac, and other drugs of similar qualities; but a subsequent weighty consideration induced me to suspend, for the present, any determination of that kind, to wit, that it might militate against the *interest* of our trade.

That Dr. Darwin supposed that the researches of Spallanzani would terminate in some wonderful *Lusus*



And, gentlemen, myself I flatter,  
You'll think this last a mighty matter;

*Natura*, is apparent from what he has informed us, *Phytologia*, p. 119. 'It is not impossible, as some philosopher has already supposed, if Spallanzani should continue his experiments, that some beautiful productions might be generated between the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, like the Eastern fable of the rose and nightingale!!!!!!!!!!'

<sup>35</sup> A little *homo* all alive once!

As soon as I shall have accomplished the all-important task of procuring your worships assistance in unclenching the 'hard hand of pinching poverty,' which, I assure you, most cordially gripes me at present, I intend to surprise the learned world with an elegant volume, decorated with highly finished engravings, giving in detail a profoundly scientific history of the origin, progress, and consummation of this my *ne plus ultra*, this my most sublime of all sublime discoveries. And, gentlemen, if you do not, as Dr. Lettsom says, 'Dip your pens in ætherial and indelible ink,' and puff away, I shall think you are a set of ———, but not to call names.

In a civil, humble, and complaisant way, I intreat you to suspend for the present any idle curiosity relative to this my great achievement. Not a syllable relative to my new species of manufacture must escape before the whole is fairly laid open to public inspection. Without this useful precaution, some bungling operator may hazard the production of a new-fangled order of beings,

That, trac'd through all its consequences,  
The good resulting most immense is.

'Tis of pre-eminent utility  
To all our gentry and nobility,  
Who have estates and things appendant,  
Without a lineal descendant.

For they may come, and ope their cases,  
And I'll make heirs to noble races ;  
By process sure as scale of Gunter,  
On plan improv'd from surgeon Hunter.

bearing no more affinity to the human species, than a lap-dog to a wolf, a cat to a tiger, or a monkey to a man. And as I propose to solicit his Majesty's Letters Patent for the exclusive right to all emoluments, &c. belonging, or anywise appertaining, to this my most curious invention, I could wish that no spurious wares might be palmed on the public to the prejudice of the patent.

I think it right, in this place, to give notice, that unless I should be patronised in proportion to the merits of the great achievements herein announced, I will absolutely offer my services to Bonaparte, and manufacture an heir to the *would-be* Emperor of the Gauls.

No scheme like mine was ever known,  
 Not e'en to Doctors of Sorbonne;  
 Or which one twentieth part so nice is,  
 For rooting out your crim. con. vices.

And though I might, with great propriety,  
 Propose my plan to your society;  
 For certain reasons, I'll not urge ye,  
 But lay the thing before the clergy.

These, among many, are but few,  
 Of mighty things which I could do;  
 All which I'll state, if 'tis your pleasure,  
 Much more at large when more at leisure.

Now it appears, from what I state here,  
 My plans for mending human nature  
 Entitle me to take the chair  
 From Rousseau, Godwin, or Voltaire.

They are of most immense *utility*,  
 All tend to man's perfectibility;  
 And if pursu'd, I dare to venture ye,  
 He'll be an angel in a century.



Although St. Pierre, a knowing chap,  
 Deserves a feather in his cap,  
 For having boldly set his foot on  
 The foolish trash of Isaac Newton; <sup>36</sup>

<sup>36</sup> The foolish trash of Isaac Newton.

See '*Studies of Nature*,' by St. Pierre, in which that scheming philosopher has, with wonderful adroitness, swept away the cobweb calculations of one Isaac Newton. Indeed I never much admired the writings of the last mentioned gentleman, for the substantial reasons following:

In the first place, the inside of a man's noddle must be better furnished than that of St. Pierre, or he will never be able to comprehend them.

Secondly, it would be impossible to manufacture a system, like that of St. Pierre, accounting for the various phenomena of nature, in a *new* and *simple* method, if one were obliged to proceed, like Newton, in his '*Principia*,' in a dull, plodding, mathematical manner, and *prove*, or even render *probable*, the things he asserts. But by taking some facts for granted, without proof, omitting to mention such as militate against a favourite theory, we may, with great facility, erect a splendid edifice of 'airy nothings,' founded on hypotheses without foundation.

The said Isaac had taken it into his head that the earth's equatorial was larger than its polar diameter. This he surmised from the circumstance of a pendulum

Contriv'd a scheme, which very nice is,  
For making tides of polar ices,

vibrating slower near the equator than near the pole, and finding that the centrifugal force of the earth would not fully account for the difference between the time of the vibrations at Cayenne and at Paris.

This, with other reasons equally plausible, led him to suppose that the earth was flatted near the poles, in the form of an oblate spheroid, and that a degree of latitude would, of consequence, be greater near the pole than at the equator. Actual admeasurement coincided with that conclusion.

The Abbe St. Pierre, however, possessing a most laudable ambition to manufacture tides from polar ices, and thus to overturn Sir Isaac's theory relative to the moon's influence in producing those phenomena, and finding it somewhat convenient for that purpose to place his poles at a greater distance from the center of gravity than the equator, accordingly took that liberty. He likewise had another substantial reason therefor. Unless his polar diameter was larger than his equatorial, the tides, being caused by the fusion of polar ices, must flow up hill.

He therefore drew a beautiful diagram with which a triangle would, (according to the scheme of the author of '*The Loves of the Triangles*,' improved from Dr. Darwin's '*Loves of the Plants*'), certainly fall in love at first sight. (See page xxxiv. Pref. *Studies of Nature*.) In displaying his geometrical skill in this diagram, however, he took care to forget that there was some little difference

And fed old Ocean's tub with fountains,  
From Arctic and Antarctic mountains.

Though Godwin (bless him) told us how  
To make a clever sort of plough, <sup>37</sup>  
Which would ev'n set itself to work,  
And plow an acre in a jerk.

between an *oblong* and an *oblate* spheroid.—That flattening the earth's surface, either in a direction perpendicular or parallel to the poles, would *increase* the length of a degree of latitude by *decreasing* the earth's convexity.—That neither an oblate, nor an oblong spheroid was quite so *spherical* as a perfect *sphere*. This was very proper, because such facts would have been conclusive against his new Theory of the Tides.

<sup>37</sup> To make a clever sort of plough.

If you wish, gentlemen, to know any thing farther relative to this instinctive plough, you will take the trouble to consult Mr. Godwin's '*Political Justice*,' in which you will find almost as many sublime and *practicable* schemes for ameliorating the condition of man, as in this very erudite work of my own. Let it not be inferred, from my not enlarging upon the present and other schemes of this philosopher, that I would regard him as one whit inferior to any other *modern* philosopher existing, not even excepting his friend Holcroft; but the necessity of expatiating on the redundancy of Mr. Godwin's merits, is totally precluded by the unbounded fame



Though Price's projects are so clever,  
 They shew us how to live for ever;<sup>38</sup>  
 Unless we blunder, to our cost,  
 And break our heads against a post!

Though Darwin, thinking to dismay us,  
 Made dreadful clattering in chaos,  
 And form'd, with horrid quakes t' assist him,  
 His new *exploded* solar system.<sup>39</sup>

which his *chaste* productions have at length acquired  
 among the *virtuous* and *respectable* classes in commu-  
 nity.

<sup>38</sup> They shew us how to live for ever.

The learned Dr. Price, in his '*Tracts on Civil Liberty*,'  
 assures us that such sublime discoveries will be here-  
 after made by men of science (meaning such as Dr. Caus-  
 tic), that it will be possible to cure the disease of old  
 age, give man a perpetual sublunary existence, and in-  
 troduce the millennium, by natural causes.

<sup>39</sup> His new *exploded* solar system.

- \* Through all the realms the kindling ether runs,
- \* And the mass starts into a million suns;
- \* Earths round each sun with quick explosions burst,
- \* And second planets issue from the first;

These wights, when taken altogether,  
Are but the shadow of a feather;

- ‘ Bend, as they journey with projectile force,
- ‘ In bright ellipses their reluctant course ;
- ‘ Orbs wheel in orbs, round centers centers roll,
- ‘ And form, self-balanc’d, one revolving whole.’

*Botanic Garden, Canto i.*

This sublime philosopher has been most atrociously squibbed in the following performance, which I can assure you, gentlemen, is not mine ; and, if I could meet with the author, I would teach him better than to bespatter my favourite with the filth of his obloquy.

- ‘ Lines on a certain Philosopher, who maintains
- ‘ that all continents and islands were thrown from the
- ‘ sea by volcanoes ; and that all animal life originally
- ‘ sprang from the exuvia of fishes. His family arms
- ‘ are three scallop shells, and his motto “ Omnia e
- ‘ Conchis.”

- ‘ FROM atoms in confusion hurl’d,
- ‘ Old Epicurus built a world ;—
- ‘ Maintain’d that all was accidental,
- ‘ Whether corporeal powers, or mental ;—
- ‘ That feet were not devis’d for walking,
- ‘ For eating teeth ; nor tongues for talking ;
- ‘ But *chance*, the casual texture made,
- ‘ And thus each member found its trade.
- ‘ And in this hodge-podge of stark nonsense,
- ‘ He buried virtue, truth, and conscience—

Compar'd with Caustic, even as  
A puff of hydrogenous gas—

But I, in spite of my renown,  
Alas! am harass'd, hunted down;  
Completely damn'd, the simple fact is,  
By PERKINS'S METALLIC PRACTICE!<sup>40</sup>

- ' Darwin at last resolves to list
- ' Under this grand cosmogonist.
- ' He too renounces his Creator,
- ' And solves all sense from senseless matter;
- ' Makes men start up from dead fish bones,
- ' As old Deucalion did from stones;
- ' Forms mortals quick as eyes could twinkle,
- ' From lobster, crab, and periwinkle—
- ' Oh Doctor! Change thy foolish motto,
- ' Or keep it for some lady's grotto;
- ' Else thy poor patients well may quake,
- ' If thou can no more mend than make.—

<sup>40</sup> By PERKINS'S METALLIC PRACTICE.

Here comes the HYDRA, which you Herculean gentlemen are requested to destroy; but the means, by which this great end is to be accomplished, will be fully pointed out in the succeeding Cantos.



Our should-be wise and learn'd societies  
 Are guilty of great improprieties,  
 In treating me in manner scandalous,  
 As if I were a very Vandal; thus

Determin'd, as I have no doubt,  
 My sun of genius to put out,  
 Which, once extinct, they think that so 'tis  
*Their* glow-worm lights may claim some notice.

Such hum-drum heads and hollow hearts  
 Pretend, forsooth, t' encourage arts!  
 But that pretence, in every sense is,  
 The flimsiest of all pretences.

These noble-spirited Mæcenasses  
 To me have shewn the greatest meannesses;  
 Have granted me for these things said all  
 Not one halfpenny, nor a medal!!!



## C A N T O     II.

### CONJURATIONS!

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#### ARGUMENT.

THE Bard proceeds like one that's striving  
To practise Blackmore's art of diving ;  
Presents sublime and strange narrations  
Of wizards, ghosts, and conjurations ;  
Next tours in Della Cruscan stile  
Above old Homer, half a mile ;  
And flutters round in airy region,  
Just like a wild-goose or a pigeon ;  
*Fir'd* with the theme of Haygarth's praises  
Until his rapture fairly *blazes* :  
Then in a Duel shews more prowess,  
Than Vandal that e'er was, or now is.

NOW I'm a man so meek and humble,  
I don't allow myself to grumble,  
Am loth your patience thus to batter,  
But *starving* is a *serious* matter! <sup>41</sup>

<sup>41</sup> But *starving* is a *serious* matter !

Many a worthy London Alderman will most feelingly  
sigh a dolorous response to this pathetic complaint.



Another reason too, may't please ye,  
 Why thus I dare presume to tease ye;  
 If you my wrongs should not redress,  
 We all must be in one sad mess! <sup>42</sup>

The credit of our craft is waning,  
 Then rouse at this my sad complaining;

<sup>42</sup> We all must be in one sad mess!

The sound is here a most correct echo to the sense;  
 like the

*Βη δ' ακειων παρα θινα πολυφλοισβοιο θαλασσης*

of HOMER; the

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,  
 of VIRGIL; the

Many a lusty thwack and bang,  
 of BUTLER;

And ten low words oft creep in one dull line,  
 of POPE, &c. Indeed, gentlemen, I shall almost be  
 tempted to pronounce that person a sorry sort of a sim-  
 pleton, who does not see, or seem to see, the lengthened  
 visage and hanging lip of our learned Esculapian Frater-  
 nity, depicted with the phiz-hitting pencil of a Ho-  
 garth, in these eight beautiful and appropriate mono-  
 syllables.

For, though my fate now seem the rougher,  
Still *you* as well as *I* must suffer.

Behold! A rising INSTITUTION,<sup>43</sup>  
To spread Perkinian delusion;  
Supported by a set of sturdy men,  
Dukes, quakers, doctors, lords, and clergymen!

Unblushing at the knavish trick,  
I fear these fellows soon will kick  
(A thing of all things most uncivil)  
One half our physic to the d-v-l!

And then, alas! your worships may  
Be forc'd to moil the live long day,  
With hammer, pickaxe, spade, or shovel,  
And nightly tenant some old hovel.

<sup>43</sup> Behold a rising INSTITUTION.

The builders of this second edition of the Tower of Babel must be confounded; and that they will be, most certainly, provided the measures herein after recommended, be fully and manfully carried into effect.

Or, destitute of food and lodging,  
Through dark and dirty lanes be dodging,  
Unless t' avoid such dismal lurkings,  
You put a powerful paw on PERKINS.

Behold what ought to raise your spleen high,  
Perkins supported by Aldini! <sup>44</sup>  
It must have been most sad, foul weather,  
From Italy to blow him hither.

My wrath, indeed, is now so keen, I  
Ev'n wish, for sake of that Aldini,  
This *ink* were *poison* for the wizard,  
This *pen* a *dagger* in his gizzard!

<sup>44</sup> Perkins supported by Aldini!

These two wonder-working wizards are said to effect their necromantic manœuvres by the application of the same principle to the animal machine. But the latter does not, in so great a degree, infringe on our privileges, for he *begins* where we *leave* off, that is, after the patient is *dead*; whereas Perkins, by his pretended easy and expeditious mode of curing those who ought to depend solely on 'Death and the Doctor,' is a more formidable foe to our profession.



For he ('tis told in public papers)  
 Can make dead people cut droll capers ;  
 And shuffling off death's iron trammels,  
 To kick and hop like dancing camels.

To raise a dead dog he was able, <sup>45</sup>  
 Though laid in quarters on a table,

<sup>45</sup> To raise a dead dog he was able.

' Dr. Aldini, now in London, lately exhibited, at the  
 ' house of Mr. Hunter, some curious experiments on  
 ' the body of a dog newly killed, by which the company,  
 ' then present, were exceedingly astonished at the powers  
 ' of *Galvanism*. The head of the animal was cut off.  
 ' The head and the body were put beside each other on  
 ' a table, previously rubbed with a solution of ammonia.  
 ' Two wires, communicating with the Galvanic trough,  
 ' were then applied, the one in the ear, the other at the  
 ' anus of the dead animal. No sooner had those appli-  
 ' cations been made than both head and body were  
 ' thrown into the most animated muscular motions.  
 ' The body started up with a movement, by which it  
 ' passed over the side of the table. The head equally  
 ' moved, its lips and teeth grinning most violently !'  
 Vide the *Morning Post* of January 6th, 1803.

And led him, yelping, round the town,  
With two legs up, and two legs down;<sup>46</sup>

And, in the presence of a posse  
Of our Great Men, and ANDREOSI,  
He show'd *black art*, of worse description,  
Than e'er did conjuring Egyptian.

He cut a bullock's head, I ween,  
Sheer off, as if by guillotine;

<sup>46</sup> With two legs up, and two legs down.

Your worships will perceive that I have detailed some particulars relative to this famous experiment, which were omitted in the above statement from the *Morning Post*. But should any gentleman among you presume to intimate that I have stated one syllable, which is not strictly and literally *true*, I shall embrace the fashionable mode of resenting the affront. I have two pistols in my garret. Let him who dares dispute Dr. Caustic take his choice. Then, unless

‘ Pallas should come, in shape of rust,  
‘ And ’twixt the lock and hammer thrust  
‘ Her Gorgon shield, and make the cock  
‘ Stand stiff as ’twere transform’d to stock,’

I will make it apparent that I am a man of honour, as well as veracity.

Then (Satan aiding the adventure)  
He made it *belly* like a Stentor! <sup>47</sup>

And this most comical magician  
Will soon, in public exhibition,  
Perform a feat he's often boasted,  
And animate a dead pig——*roasted*.

With powers of these Metallic Tractors,  
He can revive dead malefactors;

<sup>47</sup> He made it *belly* like a Stentor!

' Some curious Galvanic experiments were made on  
' Friday last, by Professor Aldini, in Doctor Pearson's  
' Lecture Room. They were instituted in the presence  
' of his Excellency the Ambassador of France, General  
' Andreossi, Lord Pelham, the Duke of Roxburgh,  
' Lord Castlereagh, Lord Hervey, the Hon. Mr. Upton,  
' &c. The head of an ox, recently decapitated, exhibit-  
' ed astonishing effects; for the tongue being drawn out  
' by a hook fixed into it, on applying the excitors, in  
' spite of the strength of the assistant, was retracted, so  
' as to detach itself, by tearing itself from the hook; at  
' the same time, a loud noise issued from the mouth,  
' attended by violent contortions of the whole head and  
' eyes.' See *Morning Post* of February 16th, 1803.



And is reanimating daily,  
 Rogues that were hung *once*, at Old Bailey! <sup>48</sup>

<sup>48</sup> Rogues that were hung *once*, at Old Bailey.

‘ The body of Forster, who was executed on Monday  
 ‘ last, for murder, was conveyed to a house not far dis-  
 ‘ tant, where it was subjected to the *Galvanic* Process,  
 ‘ by Professor Aldini, under the inspection of Mr.  
 ‘ Keate, Mr. Carpue, and several other Professional  
 ‘ Gentlemen. M. Aldini, who is the nephew of the dis-  
 ‘ coverer of this most interesting science, shewed the  
 ‘ eminent and superior powers of *Galvanism* to be far  
 ‘ beyond any other stimulant in nature. On the first  
 ‘ application of the process to the face, the jaw of the  
 ‘ deceased criminal began to quiver; and the adjoining  
 ‘ muscles were horribly contorted, and one eye was  
 ‘ actually opened. In the subsequent part of the pro-  
 ‘ cess, the *right hand was raised and CLENCHED*, and the  
 ‘ legs and thighs were set in motion.

‘ It appeared to the uninformed part of the by-  
 ‘ standers, as if the wretched man was on the eve of  
 ‘ being restored to life. This however was impossible,  
 ‘ as several of his friends, who were near the scaffold,  
 ‘ had violently pulled his legs, in order to put a more  
 ‘ speedy termination to his sufferings.’ Vide the *Morning*  
*Post* of January 22, 1803.

It is to be hoped, in case this Mr. Professor under-  
 takes any future operations of this nature, that some  
 more *choleric dead man* will not only clench his fist like

And sure I am he'll break the peace,  
 Unless secur'd by our police;  
 For such a chap, as you're alive,  
 Full many a felon will revive.

And as he can (no doubt of that)  
 Give rogues the *nine* lives of a cat;  
 Why then, to expiate their crimes,  
 These rogues must all be hung *nine* times.

What more enhances this offence is,  
 'Twill ninefold Government's expences;  
 And such a load, in name of wonder,  
 Pray how can JOHNNY BULL stand under!

Then why not rise, and make a clatter,  
 And put a stop to all this matter—  
 Why don't you rouse, I say, in season,  
 And cut the wicked wizard's weasand!

Forster, but convince him, by dint of *pugilistic demonstration*, that he is not to disturb with impunity those who ought to be at '*rest from their labours*.'

For, Gentlemen, the devil's to pay,  
 That you forsake the good old way,  
 And tread a path, so very odd,  
 So unlike that your fathers trod.

With what delight the poet fancies  
 He sees their Worships plague old FRANCIS; <sup>49</sup>

<sup>49</sup> He sees their Worships plague old FRANCIS.

Dr. FRANCIS ANTHONY. The author of the *Biographia Britannica* relates a pitiful tale respecting the persecutions suffered by this obstinate old schismatic. ‘He was,’ says that writer, ‘a very learned physician and chemist, the son of an eminent goldsmith in London. Was born April 16th, 1550. In 1569 he was sent to the university of Cambridge; in 1574 took the degree of A. M. &c. &c. He began soon after his arrival (in London) to publish to the world the effects of his chemical studies. But not having taken the necessary precaution of addressing himself to the College of Physicians for their license, he fell under their displeasure; and being some time in the year 1600 summoned before the President and Censors, he confessed that he had practised physic in London for six months, and had cured twenty persons or more of several diseases.’ [A most atrocious crime! I trust very few, if any, of your Worships would be justified in confessing or pleading guilty to a similar indictment.] ‘About one month after he was committed to the Counter prison,



While he, sad wight, woe-worn and pale,  
Is dragg'd about from jail to jail!

‘ and fined in the sum of five pounds *propter illicitam*  
‘ *praxin*—that is, for prescribing against the statutes of  
‘ the College; but, upon his application to the Chief  
‘ Justice, he was set at liberty, which gave so great an  
‘ umbrage, that the President and one of the Censors  
‘ waited on the Chief Justice, to request his favour in  
‘ preserving the College privileges: upon which An-  
‘ thony submitted, and promised to pay his fine, and  
‘ was forbidden practice. He was soon after accused  
‘ again for practising physic, and upon his own con-  
‘ fession was fined another five pounds, which fine, on  
‘ his refusing to pay, was increased to twenty pounds,  
‘ and he was sentenced to be committed to prison till he  
‘ had paid it. Nor was the College satisfied with this, but  
‘ commenced a suit at law against him, in the name of  
‘ the Queen and College, in which they prevailed, and  
‘ had judgment against him. It appears that the learn-  
‘ ed Society thought him weak and ignorant; but there  
‘ were others of a different opinion, since, after all  
‘ these censures, and being tossed about from prison to  
‘ prison, he became Doctor of Physic in our own Uni-  
‘ versities!’

This is the substance of the proceedings of our Ancestors against that Arch-Heretic; from which we learn the absolute necessity of a still more rigorous prosecution of those disturbers of society, who have the impudence to *cure* their patients without YOUR LICENSE.

For he was such a stubborn dragon,  
 He would not down and worship Dagon;  
 That is to say, would not acknowledge  
 Supremacy of your Great College!

And what was worse, if worse could be,  
 And rais'd their ire to such degree,  
 That they to Tyburn swore they'd cart him;  
 He *cur'd* folks '*non secundum artem.*'

His patients *sav'd*, from mere compassion,  
 Though *killing* was the most in fashion!  
 Then well your fathers ire might burn as  
 Hot as the fam'd Chaldean furnace!

Thus, when the heretic Waldenses,  
 With their co-working Albigenses,  
 Found what they thought they might rely on,  
 A nearer way to go to Zion,

Had this old fellow been hung, or 'burnt off,' as he deserved, the business would have been finished at once, and none would afterwards have dared ever to call in question your supremacy!

Those saints, who trod the beaten path,  
 Were fill'd so full of godly wrath,  
 They burnt them *off*, nor thought it cruel,  
 As one would burn a load of fuel!

These things I note, to bring to view  
 Some noble precedents for you:  
 The chapter needs not any comment;  
 Then pray don't hesitate a moment.

But, hark! what means that moaning sound!  
 That thunder rumbling under ground!  
 What mean those blue sulphureous flashes,  
 That make us all turn pale as ashes!

Why in the air this dreadful drumming,  
 As though the devil himself were coming,  
 Provok'd by magical impostors,  
 To carry off a Doctor Faustus!

Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!  
 While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls!  
 Say, what portends this mighty rumpus,  
 To fright our senses out of compass!



'Tis Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising, <sup>51</sup>  
 To warn you by a sight surprising,  
 More solemn than a curtain lecture,  
 Or Monk-y Lewis' Spanish Spectre! <sup>52</sup>

<sup>50</sup> Why scream the bats! why hoot the owls!  
 While Darwin's midnight bull-dog howls!

A delectable imitation of Doctor Darwin's delightful pair of lines—

‘ Shrill scream the famish'd bats and shivering owls,  
 ‘ And long and loud the dog of midnight howls.

To prevent any *post obit* disputes among those, who may hereafter peruse this sublime passage, I have thought it advisable to designate the *species* of the dog which howls so horribly on this important occasion.

<sup>53</sup> 'Tis Radcliffe's sullen sprite now rising.

This shows Pluto to be a God of correct calculation. Had he sent one of your water-gruel ghosts, it is a thousand to one if your Worships would have paid the least deference to the mandates of his sooty highness. If the ghost of old Dr. Radcliffe, so famed in the annals of bullyism, and who is said to have killed only one British Queen (her successor Queen Ann, choosing rather to evade a similar fate, dispensed with his attendance), be not sufficient to rouse you at this momentous crisis, your cause is lost for ever.

Now, in a sort of moody mutter,  
 These awful sounds I hear him utter,  
 Which make my heart to beat and thwack it,  
 And burst the buttons off my jacket!

‘ ’Tis not from motives of endearment  
 That I have burst my marble cearment;

52 Or Monk-y Lewis’ Spanish Spectre!

I would have no impudent slanderer insinuate that I mean to bestow on the Right Honourable M. G. Lewis, M. P. any opprobrious epithet. No, gentlemen, I did not say *Monkey*. The term which I use is an adjective, legally coined from the substantive MONK; and I affix it to this Gentleman’s name as an honorary appellation, to which he is entitled for having written that celebrated romance called ‘THE MONK.’ As to the *Spanish Spectre*, you will please to consult the Romance aforesaid, and you will find a most horrible ballad, by which it appears that a certain Miss Imogene was carried off on her bridal night, if I mistake not, by the Ghost of one Don Alonzo, to whom she had been betrothed, but proved false-hearted. I would, however, caution against reading this doleful ditty by candle-light, lest the story of

‘ The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept  
 ‘ out,  
 ‘ And they sported his eyes and his temples about,’  
 might *sport* with the senses of the more timid reader.

‘ No ; I’m from Hades, in a hurry,  
 ‘ To make above ground one d—d flurry ! <sup>53</sup>

‘ Arm’d, as the dread occasion urges,  
 ‘ With *Ate*’s borrow’d snakes and scourges,  
 ‘ I come to rouse ye into action,  
 ‘ To crush the Perkinising Faction.

‘ Why stand ye now, with stupid stare,  
 ‘ Hen-hearted cowards, as you are ?  
 ‘ Arise ! and quickly gird your might on,  
 ‘ And into battle then rush right on !

<sup>53</sup> To make above ground one d—d flurry !

I earnestly request that the learned College will not do me the injustice to suppose that a man of my delicacy and refined feelings would myself utter any phrase, which has so much the semblance of profanity. But as this personage, before he passed that fatal ‘ bourne’ (from which *one* ‘ traveller’ *has* ‘ returned’) had ever been accustomed, like most of our profession, to rhetorical flourishes of this kind, it must be expected that, on such an important occasion, he would express himself with all his wonted energy ; and my veracity as an historian obliges me to give *verbatim* the speech which the sprite did in fact deliver.



‘ Go ! teach Perkinians their errors,  
 ‘ In tampering with the King of Terrors!  
 ‘ Go ! teach the varlets to defy  
 ‘ Our great and terrible Ally !

‘ Don’t say to me, you stupid dunces,  
 ‘ That you’re not fond of broken sconces ;  
 ‘ Don’t say to me, you’ve no delight in  
 ‘ The dreadful, awful, trade of fighting.

‘ For you might chace them many a mile, and  
 ‘ E’en bid them, scampering, quit our island,  
 ‘ And still your carcasses be strangers  
 ‘ To troublous toils, and desperate dangers.

‘ Appear in field, the battle’s won ;  
 ‘ Your phizzes show—L--d how they’ll run !  
 ‘ But you’re like sheep, a sort of cattle,  
 ‘ That one can’t well drive into battle.

‘ O could I but affairs contrive  
 ‘ To be for one half hour alive,  
 ‘ What thunder-bolts of indignation  
 ‘ I’d hurl at imps of Tractoration !

‘ I’ll batter ye with Pluto’s bludgeon,  
 ‘ Unless to battle you now budge on,  
 ‘ And make more bluster with your train,  
 ‘ Than devils in a hurricane!

‘ I’ll drive ye down’—but dawning day  
 Bids bullying phantom hie away;  
 While horror makes each hair stand steadfast,  
 Like quill of hedgehog in our head fast!

So stood the PREMIER of our Nation,  
 When ROBSON bawl’d out ‘ DEFALCATION!  
 ‘ Government’s robb’d by wicked men,  
 ‘ And cannot pay nineteen pounds ten!!!<sup>54</sup>

<sup>54</sup> And cannot pay nineteen pounds ten!!!

The terrible shock given not only to Mr. A——, but to the credit of the British nation, by this famous sally of that teasing, testy, querulous, alarming, honorable, cidevant member of the House of Commons, is undoubtedly fresh in the recollection of every person, who has the least smattering in parliamentary debates: and every true patriot and friend to the *Peace* of —— our Prime Minister, will congratulate the country on the failure of Mr. Robson’s election, as well as that of his co-operator, Mr. Jones, into the new parliament.

So petrified stood bull and bear,  
 Of Stock Exchange, when the Lord Mayor,  
 With vile chagrin and terror quaking,  
 Found Hawkesbury's Letter all a take-in. <sup>55</sup>

Now should you slight the dire monition  
 Of this ill-boding apparition,  
 You truly will be well deserving  
 The dreadful destiny of starving!

O then, dread Sirs, brimful of rage,  
 War! horrid war! is yours to wage,  
 To extirpate the deadly schism,  
 The heresy of Perkinism!

<sup>55</sup> Found Hawkesbury's Letter all a take-in.

Now I know the man who cobbled up the famous humbug Peace with France, which, in my opinion, was a manœuvre that did honour to its inventor. He tenants a garret adjacent to mine. But Dr. Caustic is an honourable man, and twice the 5000l. offered by the Stock Exchange, with the 500l. by the Lord Mayor, for his apprehension, would not tempt him to expose the neck of his friend to the noose of justice. This I premise that the Bow-street officers may not misapply their time and talents in any futile attempts to wheedle or extort the secret.



Pursue the steps that learned sage hath,  
 The most redoubted Doctor HAYGARTH,  
 Who erst o'er Perkins' scone at Bath,  
 Broke a whole gallypot of wrath! <sup>56</sup>

<sup>56</sup> Broke a whole gallypot of wrath.

I beseech you, gentlemen, to suspend your impatience relative to this wonderful achievement, till you have *soared* through a few stanzas. In the mean time, however, I wish that this my favourite hero, and burthen of my song, should stand high with your worships, and be the object of the humble admiration, not only of your honourable body, but of mankind in general; and I myself shall take the liberty to trample on all those, who dare call in question his infallibility. I have a knowledge of but few, who more deserve to be trodden upon on this occasion than the conductors of certain foreign Literary Journals, who, not aware of the inconceivable services which Dr. H. has rendered the medical host by his ardent zeal against their common enemy, Perkinism, have expressed their sentiments of him, and his works, with that indifference, which must have arisen from their want of knowledge of his achievements.

Among the most prominent of this junto should be mentioned the *Medical Repository*, at New York, conducted by professors Mitchell and Miller, of that place, the former of whom I understand is a senator in the Congress of the United States, an eminent physician, and the celebrated author of what is usually termed the 'Mitchellian Theory of Contagion,' alterations in the

Oh! could I sing Haygarth's *chef d'œuvre*,  
That mighty magical manœuvre,

French Chemical Nomenclature, &c. The latter, I am told, is likewise a physician of great respectability.

Now that two such characters should presume to represent Dr. H. as a man, whose 'vanity is more conspicuous than his ability,' is a circumstance which, while it excites my surprise, rouses my resentment. However, to accomplish their disgrace and his renown, I shall concisely state his magnanimous conduct to them, and their ungracious return.

Dr. H. in great condescension to the poor wretches of the United States, who, through the ignorance and *inexperience* of their medical practitioners, were likely to be extirpated by the Yellow Fever, addressed them in an affectionate letter, and proclaimed the barbarity and unskillfulness of their physicians, in a very appropriate and becoming manner. He even kindly apprised the Academy of Medicine, at Philadelphia, that their proceedings and reasonings on the disease among them were 'frivolous, inadequate, and groundless,' and communicated many other facts equally useful and important.

Now, whether his statements were true or false, those foreigners ought to have been grateful to Dr. H. for *honouring* them with the information. But, on the contrary, they say that 'a poison, which, in the city of New York, has destroyed, within three months, the lives of more than twenty practitioners of medicine, well deserves to be traced and understood by the survivors.' They even have the audacity to assert, that

That feat, than which, you'll own, if candid,  
None greater ever mortal man did !

' American Physicians and Philosophers who have viewed the rise and progress of pestilence ;—walked amidst it by day and by night, year after year ; and endured its violence on their own persons, almost to the extinction of their lives,' ought to be as competent judges of the cause and cure of the disease as Dr. Haygarth, who has never seen a case of it.

After entering into a copious, (about 20 pages) and what they seem to think a learned, investigation of my great friend's theory and sentiments, they have dared to refute his reasoning, and turn it to ridicule.

These presumptuous writers finally close their unreasonable account of Dr. Haygarth in quotations from Dr. Caldwell, who, it appears, is a Fellow of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, and a very ungentleman-like *fellow* too, for he has also had the rashness to descant on some of the works of Dr. Haygarth in terms following.

' Perhaps he (Dr. Haygarth) may found the boldness of his pretensions as an author on the maturity of his years. Many writers less youthful are more modest ; and it is to be lamented that grey hairs give no infallible earnest of either wisdom or liberality. We will not positively assert that he is not a man of profound erudition, but we have no reason whatever to convince us that he is. Perhaps he may pride himself on being a native of the same country which produced a Harvey, a Sydenham, a Cullen, and a Hunter. We



But ere I ' sweep the sounding lyre,'  
 Or tune Apollo's fiddle higher,  
 I'll steal (although it cost a halter)  
 A brand from Della Crusca's altar.

' O THOU!' who soard'st to heights sublimer  
 Than e'er before attain'd by rhymers;  
 Till even my good friend Apollo  
 At distance gaz'd, but dar'd not follow.

' GENIUS, or MUSE,' who hadst propensity  
 To seem to strive to stretch immensity;  
 Whose '*airy lays*,' quoth Bell's fraternity,  
 Would last through more than one eternity;

(Although it seems, the deuce is in't,  
 Those very lays are out of print!  
 A proof this age does not inherit  
 One ounce of true poetic spirit!)

' intreat him to remember, that weeds may infest the  
 ' same ground which has been over-shadowed by the  
 ' lordly *Adansonia*, and that the same clime gives birth  
 ' to the lion and the jackal.' *Medical Repository*, vol. v.  
 p. 333. Oh, fie! fie!

O come, and bring (delightful things)  
 A pair of Della Cruscan wings,  
 That we, by sublimated flight,  
 May 'STEM THE CATARACT OF LIGHT.'

Then condescend to be my crony,  
 And guide my wild Parnassian pony,  
 Till our aerial cutter runs <sup>57</sup>  
 Athwart 'A WILDERNESS OF SUNS!' <sup>58</sup>

<sup>57</sup> Till our aerial cutter runs.

My mode of commencing an airy tour, mounted, Muse and Co. on a poetical *pony*, which by the way is metamorphosed into a *cutter*, may, perhaps, be objected to by your fastidious critics, as a liberty even beyond a poet's licentiousness. But there is nothing which we Men of *Genius* more thoroughly detest, than any attempt to fetter our faculties with the frigid rules of criticism. Besides, *sense or nonsense, poetry or gingling*, it is perfectly *Della Cruscan*.

<sup>58</sup> WILDERNESS OF SUNS!

This 'proud' passage, together with 'O THOU!'—  
 'GENIUS or MUSE!'—and 'CATARACT OF LIGHT!'—  
 —are the legitimate offspring of that Prince of Poets,  
 who rose to such a towering *pitch* of poetry,

That oft Hibernian opticks bright  
 Beheld him fairly out of sight!

But Gifford comes, with why and wherefore; <sup>59</sup>  
 And what the devil are you there for?

I should have been happy to have fascinated your Worships with further specimens of the same sort of sublimity, could I have retained them in memory. I have been so solicitous for your gratification in this particular, that I have made a painful, though bootless search, throughout the Metropolis and its suburbs, for these more than sybiline oracles. Indeed I have reason to fear that all Della Crusca's effusions are irretrievably lost, except the few fragments I have here *pickled* for the behoof of posterity.

<sup>59</sup> But Gifford comes, with why and wherefore.

The admirers of your *polite* poetry can never sufficiently anathematize the author of the '*Baviad and Mæviad*' for extirpating, root and branch, a species of sentimental ditty, which might be scribbled, without the trouble of 'sense to pose;' an object certainly of no small consequence with your *bon ton* readers and writers of rhyme. How could a *sentimental ensign*, or *love-lorn lieutenant*, be better employed, than in sobbing over 'Laura's tinkling trash,' or weeping in concert with the 'mad jangle of Matilda's lyre?' Besides, there ought to be *whipped syllabub* adapted to the palates of those who cannot relish 'Burns' pure healthful nurture.' Mr. Gifford should be sensible, that reducing *poetry* to the standard of *common sense* is clipping the wings of genius. For example, there is no describing what sublime and



Then tells a tale about the Town,  
Contriv'd to lessen our renown.

Says, if we rise but one inch higher,  
We set our hat and wig on fire ;  
And that he'll bet us ten to one  
We shall be scorch'd like Phaeton.

Then I and Clio, as the case is,  
Must now resume our former places ;  
But still, to *keep up* our renown,  
We ride a ' gairish sun-beam' *down!*

And now once more, in humble station,  
We'll jog along in plain narration ;  
And *tollutate* o'er turnpike path, <sup>60</sup>  
To view the conjuring crew at Bath.

Della Cruscan-like capers I should myself have been cutting in this ' Wilderness of suns ;' for I was about to prepare a nosegay of comets, and string the spheres like beads for a lady's necklace ; but was not a little apprehensive lest Mr. G. or some other malignant critic, should persuade the public, that my effusions of fancy were little better than the rant of a bedlamite.

Behold! great Haygarth and his corps <sup>61</sup>  
Of necromancers, just a score,

<sup>60</sup> And *tollutate* o'er turnpike path.

They rode, but authors having not  
Determin'd whether pace or trot,  
That is to say, whether *tollutation*,  
As they do term't, or succussation.

HUDIBRAS, Canto 2.

<sup>61</sup> Behold! great Haygarth and his corps.

I here wish to give a concise sketch of the Doctor's necromantial process, so well calculated to give the Tractors the kick out of Bath and Bristol, where they were rapidly making the most sacrilegious encroachments on the unpolluted shrine of our profession. I would recommend similar proceedings to every Member of the College, and every worthy brother who is truly anxious to preserve the dignity and honour of the professional character. But would premise, that, when the like experiments are made, which, I trust, will be very generally by the whole profession, I would particularly recommend the Doctor's prudence, in not admitting any of the friends of the Tractors at the scene of action, should be strictly imitated; and also his discretion in choosing, as subjects for the experiment, the ignorant and miserable paupers of an infirmary, whose credulity will assist very much in operations of this sort. I also enjoin them to bear in mind his *hint*, ' That if any person would repeat the experiments with *wooden* trac-

Enter the drear abodes of pain,  
Like death of old and horrid train!

\* tors, it should be done with due solemnity; during  
\* the process the wonderful cures, said to be performed  
\* by the tractors, should be particularly related. With-  
\* out these *indispensable* aids, other trials will *not* prove so  
\* successful as those which are here reported.' (Hay-  
garth's book, page 4.)

It can scarcely be necessary for me to hint to my discreet brethren, in addition, that should they try the *real* Tractors afterwards (which, however, I rather advise them not to do at all) the whole of these aids of the mind are to be as strictly avoided. I had like to have forgotten to say, that the means used in the instance which follows, to increase the solemnity of the scene, were a capital display of wigs, canes, stop-watches; and a still more solemn and terrific spectacle, about a score of the brethren. The very commencement serves to show how '*necessary*' was all this display, to insure the success of these *wooden* Tractors.

\* It was often *necessary* to play the part of a *necro-*  
\* *mancer*, to describe circles, squares, triangles, and half  
\* the figures in geometry, on the parts affected, with the  
\* small end of the (wooden) Tractors. During all this  
\* time we conversed upon the discoveries of Franklin  
\* and Galvani, laying great stress on the power of me-  
\* tallic points attracting lightning, and conveying it to  
\* the earth harmless. To a more curious farce I was  
\* never witness. We were almost afraid to look each  
\* other in the face, lest an involuntary smile should re-



He comes! he comes! good heaven defend us!  
With magic rites, and things tremendous!

‘move the mask from our countenances, and dispel the  
‘charm.’ (Haygarth’s book, page 16.)

A very ingenious friend of Dr. H. and the glorious cause in which he is engaged, has conceived an improvement on this process. While the above operation is going on, surely, the adroit necromancer would handle his *virgula divinatoria* with far greater effect, and himself appear much more in character, by using a suitable incantation. The following has therefore been proposed for the general use of the profession.

Hocus! pocus! up and down!

Draw the white right from the crown!

Hocus! pocus! at a loss!

Draw the brazen rod across!

Hocus! pocus! down and up!

Draw them both from foot to top!

Lest you should not have sufficient ingenuity to *comprehend* the *object* of Dr. Haygarth in producing these operations on the minds of those paupers, by the aid of such means as he employed, I must *try* to explain it. It was to induce an inference on the part of the public, that if, *by any means whatsoever*, effects can be produced on the mind of a poor bedridden patient, whether such effect be favourable or unfavourable (as the latter was often the case in Haygarth’s experiments) *ergo*, Perkins’s Tractors *cure* diseases by acting on the mind also, whether on a human or brute subject. Should any person

With such as serv'd the witch of Endor  
To make the powers of hell surrender!

Now draws full many a magic circle,  
Now stamps, and foams, and swears meherc'le!  
As old Canidia us'd to mutter once,  
Just as her Dæmon gave her utterance!

Now tells each trembling bed-rid zany  
Terrific tales of one Galvani;  
How Franklin kept, to make folks wonder,  
A warehouse full of bottled thunder!

Thus Shakspeare's Macbeth's wicked witches  
Even carry'd matters to such pitches,  
In hoity-toity midnight revel,  
The old hags almost rais'd the devil!

be so uncivil and unreasonable as to start the objection to this logic, that with the same propriety all medicines might also be supposed to produce their effects, by an action on the mind, I particularly advise (provided such person be a noted coward) that you challenge him or her to a duel: but if, on the contrary, he or she be a terrible Mac Namara-like fellow, modestly reply that it was all a joke, and you hope there was no offence.

And now our tragi-comic actors  
 Torment a pair of *wooden* Tractors ;  
 All which, with many things they more did,  
 In Haygarth's book you'll find recorded.

But if Haygarthian rites infernal  
 Should fail our foes to overturn all ;  
 Seek ways and means to lay them level,  
 Without one conjuror, witch, or devil.

If you can find some one among  
 You, who don't value being hung ;<sup>62</sup>  
 Perhaps the readiest mode would be  
 To kill the conjuring Patentee.

<sup>62</sup> You, who don't value being hung.

I trust, gentlemen, you will not startle at my supposing a willingness among some of your honourable body to submit to this operation. You must believe enough of predestination to know that a man who is born to be hung can never be drown'd ; and a little serious consideration will therefore shew that, as the event *must* happen, it might as well be submitted to first as last.



But still I have some hesitation  
 To recommend assassination ;  
 Although I'm sure that you would do well,  
 To pop off Perkins in a DUEL.

For this you've precedents quite ample,  
 Full many a glorious example,  
 From Goths and Vandals, out of temper, or  
 A certain crazy Russian Emperor.<sup>63</sup>

For if the Conjuror were shot dead,  
 By a rude harum-scarum hot-head ;  
 Then might we quickly crush the flummery  
 Of Tract'ring mischief-making mummery.

<sup>63</sup> A certain crazy Russian Emperor.

Czar Paul, Emperor of all the Russias, &c. who had a very benevolent desire to settle the disputes, which agitated Europe, by virtue of tilt and tournament, among those potentates, whose quarrelsome dispositions so often set their subjects by the ears. Had such combats taken place, I am positive that our George would have given the Russian bully a most tremendous threshing.

Perkins destroyed, the INSTITUTION  
 Will be o'erwhelm'd in dire confusion;  
 And we shall easily be able  
 To overturn this modern Babel.

So, if a wolf should silent creep  
 T' attack, by night, a flock of sheep,  
 He would not 'tempt the whole together,  
 But first invade the old bell-wether.<sup>64</sup>

Let not the thought of Jack Ketch scare ye,  
 But at him, like brave Mac Namara,

<sup>64</sup> But first invade the old bell-wether.

This sublime simile, gentlemen, will meet the unequivocal approbation of those, who are acquainted with the rustic manners and natural history of Kamtschatka. The leading wether of a flock of sheep is ever invested with a bell, pendent from his neck by a collar, not only as an honorary badge of distinction, but for the purpose of alarming the shepherd, in case of invasion by any of the merciless tenants of the forests. The wolf always makes it his first object to silence this jingler, that he may with the greater impunity destroy his fleecy companions.

Avenge our wrongs in mode as summary  
As he adopted with Montgomery.

For if said Mac be crown'd with laurel,  
Who kill'd a Colonel, in a quarrel,  
About two dogs, between two puppies,  
Most mighty Sirs, my trust and hope is,

That nobody will think it is hard  
For us to shoot a conjuring wizard,  
Since all allow, sans hesitation,  
That we've received vast provocation.

And if our champion's full of fury,  
When he kills Perkins, then the Jury,  
(Provided they are made to fit him)  
Will most assuredly acquit him.<sup>65</sup>

<sup>65</sup> Will most assuredly acquit him.

Why not, as well as acquit Capt. Mac, who evaded all harm, in consequence of his not permitting the 'sun to go down on his wrath.' Mr. Justice Grose, however, appears to me to have proved himself to have



And when the foe is sent to Hades,  
 Our champion, among the ladies,  
 Will be a favourite, for they want  
 A bully always as gallant.<sup>66</sup>

been a very gross justice, in telling the jury that the law does not recognize certain nice distinctions which are adopted by men of honour. If, however, his assertion be true, it is proper that there should be an Act of Parliament passed immediately, giving US GENTLEMEN the privilege of killing each other, which would save government the expence of hemp, hangmen, &c.

<sup>66</sup> A bully always as gallant.

The ladies will not suppose that I mean any reflection on the beautiful part of creation, for they very well know that 'none but the BRAVE deserve the fair.'



# C A N T O    III.

## MANIFESTO.

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### ARGUMENT.

The Poet now, with Discord's clarion,  
Preludes the war we mean to carry on ;  
And sends abroad a PROCLAMATION  
Against Perkinian conjuration ;  
Proves that we ought to hang the Tractors  
On gibbet high, like malefactors,  
And with them that pestiferous corps,  
Who keep alive the paltry Poor ;  
By reasons sound, as e'er were taken,  
From Aristotle, Locke, or Bacon.

BUT if you cannot find some one,  
As bold as Attila the Hunn,  
T' attack the conjuring tractoring noddie,  
And fairly bore him through the body ;

Collect a host of our profession,  
With all their weapons in possession ;  
And *vi et armis*, then we'll push on,  
And crush Perkinian Institution.



But first, in flaming MANIFESTO,  
 (To let John Bull and all the rest know,  
 Why we should on these fellows trample,  
 And make the rogues a sad example)

Say to the public all you can say,  
 Of magic spells, and necromancy;  
 That Perkins and his crew are wizards,  
 Conceal'd in sanctimonious vizards.

Say to the public all you can say,  
 Of wonder-working power of fancy:  
 Tell what *imagination's* force is  
 In crows and infants, dogs and horses : <sup>67</sup>

<sup>67</sup> In crows and infants, dogs and horses.

These are among the *patients* whose cures are attested in Perkins's publication, in which he has introduced them to show that his Tractors do not cure by an influence on the *imagination*. The fallacy of any deductions, drawn from such cases, in favour of the Tractors, will be apparent from the following most *learned* and *elaborate* investigation of the subject.

There are no animals in existence, I shall incontestably prove, that are more susceptible of impressions from imagination, than those abovementioned.

Tell how their minds—but here you old men  
May trust the youngers under Coleman; <sup>68</sup>

To begin with the *crow*. Strong mental faculties ever indicate a vivid imagination; and what being, except Minerva's beauty the owl, is more renowned for such faculties, than the crow? Who does not know that he will smell gun-powder three miles, if it be in a gun, and he *imagine* it be intended for his destruction? These emblems of sagacity, besides 'fetching and carrying like a spaniel,' and talking, as well or better than Colonel Kelly's parrot, (which by the bye I suspect to have been a crow) are, as Edwards assures us in his '*Natural History*,' 'the planters of all sorts of wood and trees.' 'I observed,' says he, 'a great quantity of crows very busy at their work. I went out of my way on purpose to view their labour, and I found they were planting a grove of oaks.' Vol. V. Pref. xxxv.

These *geniuses* always can tell, and always have told, since the days of Virgil, the approach of rain. That poet says,

'Tum *Cornix* plena pluviam vocat improba voce.'

They can likewise tell when bad news is coming, as we learn from the same writer,

'Sæpe sinistra cavâ prædixit ab ilice *Cornix*.'

Now I beg leave to know what mortal can do more? and to suppose a crow not blessed with those more brilliant parts, under which *imagination* is classed, is to do

For graduates at horses' college,  
Most certainly are men of knowledge!

them a singular injustice, which I shall certainly resent on every occasion.

Now as to *infants*. Whoever has been in the way of an acquaintance with some of the more musical sort of these little gentry, (like my seven last darlings for instance) and has been serenaded with the dulcet sonatas of their warbling strains, will not be disposed to deny their powers on the imagination of *others*. I have known the delusion practised so effectually by these young conjurors, that I have myself *imagined* my head was actually aching most violently, even on the point of cracking open; but on going beyond the reach of their magic spell, that is, out of hearing, my head has been as free from pain as it necessarily must be at this moment while I am penning this lucid performance. Now I maintain it to be most unphilosophical, and totally opposite to certain new principles in ethics, which I shall establish in a future publication, to suppose that infants should be able to impart either pleasure or pain, by operating on the imagination, and not themselves possess a large share of that imagination, by the aid of which they operate to so much effect upon others.

Next come *dogs*. Dr. Shaw, in his '*Zoology*,' Vol. I. p. 289, informs us, 'that a dog belonging to a noble-  
'man of the Medici family, always attended his master's  
'table, changed the plates for him, carried him his wine  
'in a glass placed on a salver, without spilling the *small-*  
'*est* drop.' The celebrated Leibnitz mentions another



That though imagination cures,  
With aid of pair of patent skewers,

*subject of the Elector of Saxony, who could discourse in an 'intelligible manner,' especially on 'tea, coffee, and chocolate;'* whether in Greek, Latin, German, or English, however, he has not stated; but Dr. Shaw, alluding to the same dog, says, undoubtedly under the influence of prejudice, 'he was somewhat of a truant, and 'did not willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed 'into the service of literature.'

Indeed our greatest naturalists assure us, that this animal is far before the human species in every ennobling quality. Buffon makes man a very devil compared with the dog; and had he come directly to the point, I presume he would have told us that the dog is one link above man in the great chain from the fossil to the angel. 'Without the dog,' says Buffon, 'how could man have 'been able to tame and reduce other animals into slavery? To preserve his own safety, it was necessary to make friends among those animals whom he 'found capable of attachment. *The fruit of associating 'with the dog was the conquest and the peaceable possession of the earth.* The dog will always preserve his 'empire. He reigns at the head of a flock, and makes 'himself better understood than the voice of the shepherd,' (well he might, for it appears he is more knowing, more powerful, and more just). 'Safety, order, 'and discipline, are the fruits of his vigilance and activity. They are a people submitted to his manage-

Still such relief cannot be *real*,  
 For pain itself is all *ideal* <sup>69</sup>

‘ment, whom he conducts and protects, and against  
 ‘whom he never employs force but for the preserva-  
 ‘tion of peace and good order.’ BARR’S BUFFON,  
 Vol. V. p. 302.

It is to me somewhat remarkable that *theorizing* Frenchmen, many of whose discoveries are scarcely less important than my own, cannot make them apply, in such a manner, as to effect some *practical good* in society. Buffon discovered that a dog was a species of demi-god, and appears on the point of worshipping this great Anubis of the Egyptians. Voltaire tells us, that Frenchmen are half monkey and half tiger, and every body knows that the one is insufferably mischievous, and the other infinitely ferocious. Now it is surprising that these philosophers could not contrive to improve the breed by a little of the *canine* blood. Indeed I should advise them to import some of our Bond Street male *puppies*, to be paired with French female *monkeys*, and I will venture to assert there will be very little of the *tiger* perceivable in their offspring. And since a dog, as Buffon says, ‘reigns with so much dignity, ‘at the ‘head of a flock, will always preserve his empire, *never* ‘employs force but for the preservation of peace and good ‘order,’ and is endowed with so many other great qualifications, which seem to denote him to be a proper personage to wield the sceptre of dominion, I would seriously advise the Abbe Sieyes, when he frames his 99th

Say that friend Davy, when he was  
 Inspir'd with his oraculous gas,

constitution for the *free* French Republic, (which it is said he has already begun to manufacture), so to organize the Executive branch, that at least one of the Consuls should be a true blooded English Bull-dog.

After the ample proof I have now given of the infinite superiority of the dog to man, when his merits are fairly estimated, which it is very difficult for us, being interested, to do without prejudice, I shall take it for granted that he must possess all the brilliancy even of a poet's imagination, and therefore that he is far *more* likely to be cured by imagination than any man.

It remains now to speak of *horses*, and these, (not to mention the Bucephalus of Alexander, or the Pegasus of Doctor Caustic) I shall show, in a very few words, can boast of performances and qualifications, to which a lively fancy in the comparison is but as the wit of an oyster to the wisdom of a philosopher. One of the most scientific nations that ever existed, renowned alike for its refinements in the arts, and prowess in war, has been compelled to yield the palm to the superior attainments of a horse, and acknowledge its inability to achieve what he most readily effected. Ten long years was the whole power of Greece engaged in an ineffectual siege of far-famed Troy. The bravest of armies, commanded by heroes allied to the gods, assailed the foe in vain. At this disheartening period stepped forth a *wooden* horse, and promised a victory, provided his plans were



Utter'd this solemn truth, that nought  
E'er had existence, only *thought!*<sup>70</sup>

adopted. Aware of the horse's *great capacity*, which enabled him to *comprehend* a great number of *subjects*, the sagacious Greeks *entered into* his measures, and Troy was levelled in the dust.

If all this could have been accomplished by a *wooden* horse, none but a Perkinite will be so absurd as to pretend that one composed of *flesh and blood*, like man, does not enjoy far greater privileges, among which are those of receiving as many cures by the influence of imagination as he pleases.

Now then, gentlemen, I trust that if any man will con over, digest, comprehend, and *admit* this my ingenious and learned exposition of the fallacy of the arguments in favour of the Tractors, so much harped upon by our adversaries, which are drawn from the circumstance of their having cured crows and infants, dogs and horses, he will with great facility be enabled to confound and overthrow them on all occasions, provided he enforce and proclaim it with the ardency its importance deserves.

<sup>68</sup> May trust the youngers under Coleman.

Search the field of science, and you will not find labourers more in want of employment than the above gentry. For so prolific is this Alma Mater in qualifying the rising generation of veterinaries, that three months *looking on*, and *twenty guineas fee* to the ingenious pro-

What though they say, why to be sure,  
If we by Fancy's aid can cure;

fessor, will convert the veriest dunce into a veterinary of the first water, to the no small discomfiture of every farrier within many miles of his range.

But I would by no means recommend your trusting to the Professor himself for any aid in this business. No, he has no *interest* in the affair. Let the Tractors cure all the infirm horses in England, and what cares the professor? Why he has only to put up his petition, as he has done already several times, under the dome of St. Stephen's, and all wants are satisfied. Fifteen hundred a year, besides cheese-parings to twice the amount, are no inconsiderable matters in the estimation of a garreteer like Doctor Caustic. Were Parliament to reward me for my discoveries and labours, for the good of the *human*, in proportion to their munificence to the Professor for his services to the *caballine* race, I should have had a dozen Dukedoms, and the Clerkship of the Pells, which was lately given, by his *provident* Sire, to Master Addington, into the bargain.

Trust, therefore, the *younkers* under Coleman; for they, being actuated by the same spirit which impels me to attack Perkinism, will prove powerful allies in our glorious cause.

69 For pain itself is all *ideal*.

So said the learned Bishop Berkley, in a scientific treatise called '*Principles of Human Knowledge*,' in which his Reverence makes it apparent, to those who have a

Then why not use Imagination,  
A cheap and simple operation?

SAY NATURE THROUGH HER WORKS IN-  
TENDS  
ALL THINGS TO ANSWER SOME GREAT  
ENDS:  
THUS SHE FORM'D DRUGS TO PURGE AND  
SHAKE,  
THEN MAN, OF COURSE, THOSE DRUGS TO  
TAKE.<sup>71</sup>

due to his metaphysical labyrinth, that there is no such thing as matter, entity, or sensation, distinct from the mind which perceives, or thinks it perceives, such ideas or substances. The Bishop's authority being so pat in point, I cannot but admire that it has not more frequently been adduced in opposition to the Tractors.

<sup>70</sup> E'er had existence, only *thought*!

For the particulars of this important discovery turn back to Note 9.

<sup>71</sup> THEN MAN, OF COURSE, THOSE DRUGS TO  
TAKE.

This CAPITAL argument, that it might make a CAPITAL figure, I have ordered my printer to put in CAPITAL



That learn'd physicians pine with hunger, 72  
 The while a spruce young patent-monger

letters, and I hope it will make a CAPITAL impression on your Worshipful intellects. But still I have not given it half that pre-eminence which its importance claims, under existing circumstances. A great hue and cry has been raised by the Perkinites, by which some of the less penetrating part of the profession have been awed into silence, respecting the *duty* of medical practitioners. They say that it is the duty of a Medical Man to employ only such means as will cure his patient in the most *safe, cheap, and expeditious* manner. This infamous pretension takes its origin from no other person than Perkins himself. That you may individually be aware of the effrontery with which it is brought forward, I shall, in this note, copy from Perkins's book his manner of treating the subject. Your Worships will form some idea of the magnitude of this objection of our adversaries, in their own estimation, and the mischief it has already occasioned, not only in Great Britain, but abroad, when I inform you that it has been echoed in both the English and foreign Journals, and in many of them treated as a complete refutation of the arguments of Dr. Haygarth, and of all who object against the Tractors, on account of their *curing* diseases merely by operating on the imagination. Among other foreign publications, I observe that the 21st volume of the *Bibliothèque Britannique*, printed at Geneva, closes a long account (40 pages) of '*Perkinisme*' with this '*petite histoire de Mr. Perkins.*'

Contrives to wheedle simple ninnies,  
And *tractorise* away our guineas.

‘ A gentleman came from the country to London, for  
‘ the advantage of Medical assistance, in a complaint of  
‘ peculiar obstinacy and distress. After being under  
‘ the care of an eminent physician several weeks, and  
‘ paying him upwards of thirty guineas, without any  
‘ relief, he was induced to try the Tractors. To be  
‘ short, they performed a remarkable cure; the person  
‘ was perfectly restored in about ten days. The phy-  
‘ sician calling soon after, was informed of the circum-  
‘ stance. He began lamenting that so sensible a person  
‘ as the patient should be caught in the use of so con-  
‘ temptible a piece of quackery as the Tractors. After  
‘ assuring the patient that he had thrown away his five  
‘ guineas, for that it was well established by Dr. Hay-  
‘ garth, that a brick-bat, tobacco-pipe, goose-quill, or  
‘ even the bare finger, would perform the same cures,  
‘ he was interrupted by his patient: “ And are you  
“ sincere in your belief that you could have produced,  
“ by those means, the same effects upon me, which I  
“ have experienced from the Tractors?” “ Do I be-  
“ lieve it? Ay, I know it; and that a thousand similar  
“ cures might be effected by means equally simple and  
“ ridiculous.” “ And Sir,” interrupted the gentle-  
‘ man again, in a more stern and serious tone, “ why  
“ did you not cure me then by those *simple* means?  
“ Remember I have paid you thirty guineas, under the  
“ supposition that you were exerting your utmost en-  
‘ deavours to cure me, and that in the most safe,

That many thousand cures attested  
 Show death's cold hand full oft arrested ;

“ cheap, and expeditious manner. You now in substance acknowledge, that, although in possession of the means of restoring me to health, for the dishonourable purpose of picking my pocket, you continued me upon the bed of sickness! Who turns out to be the impostor? Let your own conscience answer.” The justness of the retort, it will be easily believed, precluded the possibility of an exculpation.’

*Perkins's New Cases*, p. 145.

Had I been the physician, however, I would have rejoined with arguments, not dissimilar to that which is so beautifully expressed in the above stanza. I would have told him that the Author of Nature most certainly would not have created either a poisonous or salubrious vegetable, without intending that it should ‘dose and double dose’ his creature man.

Should it be objected that the Tractors being also *created* substances ought also to be used, I could ingenuously retort, that they were created in America, a country, whose natives are Indians, an inferior order of beings to man, as some great philosophers before me have asserted, and who, it is evident, are the *only* order of creatures, on whom it was intended the Tractors should be used.

I have no particular wish to injure Dr. Jenner, or I should positively overturn him and all his adherents with my resistless arguments. If I were not willing



But those who from his prey would part him,  
Should manage things *secundum artem*.

that he should retain his popularity, I should make it appear that the small-pox was created with the intent of being universally propagated among the human race for the purpose of mortifying female vanity; and Jenner's attempt to extirpate it, by substituting the cow-pox, which ought to have been confined to the quadrupeds, among which it originated, as the Tractors ought to have been to the Indians, is the extreme of presumption, and the height of iniquity. I cannot but conceive that our bishops and clergy are very remiss in not endeavouring to dissuade from such enormous, innovating practices.

72 That learn'd Physicians pine with hunger.

No man who possesses a *heart*, certainly none who possesses *bowels*, can view us reduced to this deplorable condition, and hear this pathetic appeal, without the sincerest commiseration. The eminent services that our profession have rendered mankind, in contributing to avert some of the greatest curses that ever befel the civilized part of the world, are too well known, and have been too frequently acknowledged to be forgotten, ungratefully, in the day of our adversity. The testimony to this effect of the judicious, the humane Addison, ought often to be brought before the public eye.

'We may lay it down as a maxim,' says that intelligent writer, 'that when a nation abounds with physicians it grows thin of people. Sir William Temple is

That none should ancient customs vary,  
 Nor *leges physicæ mutare*;  
 And thus to gain a cure unlook'd for,  
 The patient *save*, but *starve* the doctor.<sup>73</sup>

' very much puzzled to find out a reason why the north-  
 ' ern hive, as he calls it, does not send such prodigious  
 ' swarms, and overrun the world with Goths and Van-  
 ' dals, as it did formerly; but had that excellent author  
 ' observed that there were no students in physic among  
 ' the subjects of Thor and Woden, and that this science  
 ' very much flourishes in the north at present, he might  
 ' have found a better solution for this difficulty than any  
 ' of those he has made use of.' *Spectator*, No. 21.

<sup>73</sup> The patient *save*, but *starve* the doctor.

This would be abominable. Physicians, in general, are a hale hearty race of men, as, indeed, must be readily conceived from their prudent maxims in regard to the preservation of their *own* health:—they take no physic. No, they are too well acquainted with its tendency. Now to starve so sturdy and powerful a body, when his Majesty is in want of such subjects to check the ambitious strides of restless Bonaparte, as appears from the King's Declaration of this day (May the 16th, 1803), in preference to letting their miserable *patients* expire, whom Providence evidently intended should die off, is, I trust, too absurd and unreasonable an idea to be admitted.

That, though the Perkinistic fellows  
 May have the impudence to tell us,  
 That they can muster, on emergence,  
 Renown'd physicians, learned surgeons ;

With many other men of merit,  
 Philanthropy and public spirit,  
 Not your self-puffing sons of vanity,  
 But real HOWARDS of humanity.

Say that those surgeons and physicians  
 Are but a conjuring set of rich ones,  
 Who, having made their fortunes, therefore  
 Have very little else to care for.

Since they've no interest nor right in  
 The very cause for which they're fighting,  
 Such non-commission'd volunteers,  
 In eye of law, are buccaniers.

And as by law a man may fire at,  
 At any time, a rascal pirate,  
 So we, with justice on our side,  
 May hang these rogues before they're try'd.



Then draw a just, but black comparison,  
Which, if they've feelings left, will harass 'em;  
'Twixt Tractoring Perkinites, so smart,  
And other dealers in *black art*.

That is, the chimney-sweeps, so sooty,  
Whose deeds, like Perkinites, are smutty;  
But as they are *aspiring* geniuses,  
Like Perkinites, they find Macænasses. <sup>74</sup>

But chimney-sweepers and Perkinians  
Are such a scurvy set of minions,  
That not one rogue among them back'd is  
Except by knaves retir'd from practice. <sup>75</sup>

<sup>74</sup> Like Perkinites they find Macænasses.

The Perkinians have no cause to boast of the extent of their patronage, for the poor tawny reptile-chimney-sweepers have of late interested the friends of humanity in their behalf quite as much. Your Worships will derive from this circumstance a very pleasant source for *sneering* at our opponents, which I am sure you will gladly embrace, whenever opportunity presents.

<sup>75</sup> Except by knaves retir'd from practice.

This, gentlemen, is a circumstance of no small moment, and which I trust you will see the necessity of

That though certificates he dish up,  
From surgeon, doctor, parson, bishop ; 76

looking at with some seriousness. Some of our profession have, to their eternal disgrace, since their retirement on their fortunes, deserted our cause, and are now to be found in the ranks of our enemies. These fellows have the presumption to suggest that their duty to the interests of the community supersedes that which they owe to their old brethren, the unreasonableness of which sentiment I conceive to be self-evident, and therefore shall not trouble myself to prove it. Several have even addressed to the Perkinsonian Institution communications in favour of the Metallic Tractors, for publication, three of which are already laid before the public. The first on this list, is Mr. Lyster, late of Dublin, who having been above 20 years senior surgeon of the Dublin Hospital, retired to Bath, where he now seems even to take delight in benefiting the mean and miserable poor, to the wanton injury of his own dear brethren. To shew the extent of his malice, he has, in his communication to the Perkinsonian Society, introduced statements of remarkable cures by the Tractors; among others one of total blindness of many years duration, in which all medical skill had previously failed; and, to wind up this tale of infamy, he has even ventured to censure, indirectly, my great champion, Dr. Haygarth, and to hint that his proceedings were not accompanied with honourable intentions!

Next on this trio list are Mr. Yatman, of Chelsea, and Dr. Fuller, of Upper Brook-street, the conduct of both of

From gentle, simple, yeomen, squires,  
 'Tis written, *'that all men are liars!'*

whom is equally, if not more reprehensible than Lyster's. These two also call in the lame, the halt, and the blind, and, as if to spite their brethren who have drugs to sell, cure them with the Tractors without fee or reward! Such conduct is so atrocious that if your Worships should think proper to have them indicted, and Mr. Erskine or Mr. Garrow object to defend the cause of such clients, I Counsellor Caustic (remember I am LL.D.) will manage it for you, and, provided I can but get that same jury which decided that Capt. Macnamara was not accessory to the death of Col. Montgomery, I will procure the defendants to be sent to Botany Bay, or at least as far as Coventry.

To shew the barbarity and wantonness of these two men, I will close this note by the following quotation from the letter of one of them, Dr. Fuller, who, after a practice of nearly 30 years in medicine, and by which he has secured his own independence, seems now to amuse himself in undermining those of us, who are still dependant. After a statement of a number of great cures by the Tractors, and proving, by his own trials on infants, &c. that they do not act on imagination, which Dr. Haygarth so laudably attempted to shew, he proceeds:—'I derive much satisfaction in noticing  
 'among the more liberal and respectable part of my  
 'profession an increased favourable opinion of Perkin-  
 'ism, and a readiness to *allow* of its use among their  
 'patients, when proposed by *others*. To expect more



That grant his Tractors cure diseases,  
Folks ought to die just when God pleases ;

‘ than this, would be to expect more than human nature  
‘ in its present state will admit. It must be an *extra-*  
‘ *ordinary* exertion of virtue and humanity for a medical  
‘ man, whose livelihood depends either on the sale of  
‘ drugs, or on receiving a Guinea for writing a prescrip-  
‘ tion, which must relate to those drugs, to say to his  
‘ patient, “ You had better purchase a set of Tractors  
‘ to keep in your family ; they will cure you without  
‘ the expence of my attendance, or the danger of the  
‘ common medical practice.” For very obvious rea-  
‘ sons medical men must *never* be expected to recom-  
‘ mend the use of Perkinism. The Tractors must  
‘ trust for their patronage to the enlightened and phi-  
‘ lanthropic out of the profession, or to medical men  
‘ retired from practice, and who know of no other *in-*  
‘ *terest* than the luxury of relieving the distressed. And  
‘ I do not despair of seeing the day, when but very  
‘ few of this description as well as private families will  
‘ be without them.’ If Dr. Fuller were obliged to  
live in my garret one month, he would sing a different  
tune.

<sup>76</sup> From surgeon, doctor, parson, bishop.

The following statement (an arrant lie, I dare say),  
I copy from the report of the Perkinistic Committee, on  
the establishment of their institution. The reasons for  
adducing it here are two-fold, both of which are weigh-  
ty. First, if it be false, we shall be able to blow them up  
at once, as authors of infamous lies ; and secondly, if it

But most of all the dirty poor,  
Who make, quoth Darwin, good manure. 77

be true, I need not suggest to you the pressing necessity there is for your exertions in arresting a growing monster, that is making such rapid strides in the invasion of your rights. Hear the following :

‘ Mr. Perkins has annually laid before the public a  
‘ large collection of new cases, communicated to him for  
‘ that purpose, by disinterested and intelligent charac-  
‘ ters, from almost every quarter of Great Britain. In  
‘ regard to the competency of these vouchers, it will be  
‘ sufficient simply to state, that, amongst others whose  
‘ names have been attached to their communications,  
‘ are eight Professors in four different Universities,  
‘ twenty-one regular Physicians, nineteen Surgeons,  
‘ thirty Clergymen, twelve of whom are Doctors of Di-  
‘ vinity, and numerous other characters of equal respec-  
‘ tability. The cases published by these gentlemen  
‘ amounted in March last, the date of Mr. Perkins’s last  
‘ publication, to about five thousand. Supposing that  
‘ not more than one cure in three hundred, which the  
‘ Tractors have performed, has been published, and the  
‘ proportion is probably much greater, it will be seen  
‘ that the number, to March last, will have exceeded  
‘ one million five hundred thousand !’

Now, as I suggested in the beginning of this note, I have no hesitation in pronouncing the whole of this statement a string of infamous falsehoods, and these pretended respectable characters who have given their

That when the Russians logger-headed,  
Were kill'd by Frenchmen, ever dreaded,

sanction thereto, are neither more nor less than pensioners of Perkins. And, as by the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established, I hereby offer myself to join in forming a Trio to go before the Lord Mayor, and take an oath to that effect. Then the business will be done. I have in my eye a young surgeon at Bristol, who, I dare say, will make one most readily, and I am sure that a very redoubted apothecary of the same name, at Newington, will turn out for another.

77 Who make, quoth Darwin, good manure.

Besides the advantage of shewing how reverently this great philosopher and philanthropist could speak of religion, I am sure I shall render an essential service to agriculturalists, by adducing the following quotation. I bring it forward the more readily, as I find that the Board of Agriculture have been so negligent of the interest of that noble art, as not yet to have recommended the universal adoption of this measure :

‘ There should be no burial places in churches, or  
\* church-yards, *where the monuments of departed sinners*  
\* *shoulder God's altar* and pollute his holy places with  
\* dead men's bones. But proper burial places should  
\* be consecrated out of towns, and divided into two  
\* compartments, the earth from one of which, saturated  
\* with animal decomposition, should be taken away



Darwin rejoic'd the filthy creatures  
 Would serve for stock to make musquitoes.<sup>78</sup>

' once in ten or twenty years, for the purposes of agriculture, and sand or clay, or less fertile soil, brought into its place.' *Darwin's Phytologia*, p. 242.

<sup>78</sup> Would serve for stock to make musquitoes.'

Among other speculations also in the cause of humanity, bequeathed us by this *friend of man*, are the following, which will prove a great consolation to those who have foolishly supposed that the blood-shed and devastation, produced by war, were circumstances which ought to be lamented.

These remarks are published by Doctor Darwin, as written under his own observations in the manuscript of his book, by a '*philosophical friend*,' whom he left in his library. It is supposed, however, that the Doctor wrote them himself. At least the sentiments have his sanction.

' It consoles me to find, as I contemplate the whole of organized nature, that it is not in the power of any one personage, whether statesman or hero, to produce by his ill employed activity, so much misery as might have been supposed. Thus if a Russian army, in these insane times, after having endured a laborious march of many hundred miles, is destroyed by a French army, in defence of their Republic, what has happened? Forty thousand human creatures, dragged from their homes and connexions, cease to exist, and

And also urges, with propriety,  
That war's no evil in Society;  
But has a charming operation,  
To check excess of population.

'Superfluous myriads, from the earth,'  
Are swept by pestilence and dearth; 79

'have manured the earth; but the quantity of organized matter, of which they were composed, presently revives in the forms of millions of microscopic animals, vegetables, and insects, and afterwards of quadrupeds and men; the sum of whose happiness is, perhaps, greater than that of the harassed soldiers, by whose destruction they have gained their existence! Is not this a consoling idea to a mind of universal sympathy? I fear you will think me a misanthrope, but I assure you a contrary sensation dwells in my bosom; and though I commiserate the evils of all organized beings,' 'Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.' *Phytologia*, p. 558.

79 Are swept by pestilence and dearth.

Last words of Dr. Darwin.

I take no small credit to myself, for being one of the first to bring into notice the latest and the most sublime of this sublime philosopher's sublime speculations. The fountain from which this radiant stream of illumination flows is denominated, among booksellers, 'THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.'

Which drive his philosophic plan on,  
As well as blunderbuss, or cannon.

To paint all the writer's conceptions of the mansion of that old Lady, and her own most singular qualifications, would be a task even beyond the abilities of a Caustic. Mr. Fuseli, however, has *painted* his *conceptions* on the occasion, which, in one of his designs, appear, so far as I can comprehend him, to be simply these:—In his Frontispiece to the Work, he represents one beautiful lady pointing at, or rather fumbling about (somewhat indecently I must confess) a *middle* or *third* breast of another beautiful lady, whom I suppose to be Dame Nature;

Than which there's nothing can be apter  
To fill philosophers with rapture.

(your Worships will excuse my bursting into poetry, for the idea set all my insides into such a Della Cruscan-like ferment, that I should certainly have split open, had it not thus overflowed). This *third* breast I take to be the painter's emblem of the Discoveries of Doctor Darwin—implying that their existence is as evident as that a woman has three breasts. But, not to digress; the Doctor ascertains that

- ‘ Human progenies, if unrestrain’d,
- ‘ By climate friended, and by food sustain’d,
- ‘ O’er seas and soils prolific hordes would spread
- ‘ Ere long, and deluge their terraqueous bed.



That, in this 'world's great slaughter-house,'  
 Not only sheep and calves and cows,  
 But 'man erect, with thought elate,'  
 Must '*duck*' to death his stubborn pate.<sup>80</sup>

' But war and pestilence, disease and dearth  
 ' Sweep the superfluous myriads from the earth.

*Temple of Nature, Canto iv.*

Some *unphilosophical* theorists have foolishly supposed that this sweeping plan of Dr. Darwin, which that philosopher appears to have introduced, lest 'prolific hordes' should 'deluge their terraqueous beds,' might as well be deferred till a few of the '*superfluous*' acres on the earth's surface were reduced to a state of cultivation. I should advise to employ these supernumeraries in navigating polar ices within the tropics, as recommended by the Doctor in the '*Botanic Garden*,' were I not apprehensive lest I should thereby, in some measure, destroy the operation of Saint Pierre's Tides. See Note 36.

<sup>80</sup> Must '*duck*' to death his stubborn pate.

More last words of Dr. Darwin.

' The brow of man erect, with thought elate,  
 ' *Ducks* to the mandate of resistless fate.'

*Temple of Nature, Canto iv.*

I have exhibited this couplet at all the assemblages of my poetising brethren in Grub Street and St. Giles's,

That in said butcher's shop, the weakest  
Should always be 'kill'd off' the quickest,  
Because Dame Nature gave the strongest  
'The *right* and *power* to live the longest.

That since 'to die is but to sleep,' <sup>81</sup>  
And poor diseas'd are scabby sheep,

not omitting the inhabitants of the 'Wits corner' at the Chapter Coffee-house, the *elevated* tenants of the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, and Col. Hanger's 'Knights of the Round Table,' all of whom agree in acknowledging the elegance and correctness of the metaphor, and that its beauties are so transcendently exquisite, and beyond the ken of mortal eye, as to be perfectly incomprehensible.

<sup>81</sup> That since 'to die is but to sleep.'

'Long o'er the wrecks of lovely life they weep;  
'Then pleas'd reflect, to die is but to sleep.'

*Temple of Nature, Canto ii.*

I suspect that my intimate friend and correspondent Bonaparte, is a full convert to Doctor Darwin's doctrine of death and its consequences. For, when he declared to Lord Whitworth his determination to invade England, although there were an hundred chances to one in *favour* of his going to the bottom, he was undoubtedly calculating on a comfortable nap after the fatigues of government.

That none need care a single button  
If we should make them all dead mutton.

That death is but a trivial thing,  
Because a toadstool, or a king,  
Will, after death, be sure to rise  
In bats and bed-bugs, fleas and flies. <sup>82</sup>

Besides, they'll make, when kill'd in fight,  
Vast 'monuments of past delight;' <sup>83</sup>

<sup>82</sup> In bats and bed-bugs, fleas and flies.

' Thus, when a monarch or a mushroom dies,

' Awhile extinct the organic matter lies ;

' But, as a few short hours or years revolve,

' Alchemic powers the changing mass dissolve ;

' Born to new life unnumber'd insects pant,' &c.

*Temple of Nature, Canto iv.*

It has been a matter of curious inquiry among some of my corresponding garretteers, whether this philosopher himself, in the latter stages of his existence, enjoyed much consolation from reflecting that the ' organic matter,' which entered into his own composition, was about to be employed for the important purpose of giving ' new life' to ' unnumbered insects.'

<sup>83</sup> Vast 'monuments of past delight.'

' Thus the tall mountains, that emboss the lands,

' Huge isles of rock, and continents of sands,



And that to *think* of is more pleasant,  
Than such delight *enjoy'd* at present.

Then no Darwinian philosopher  
His conduct can contrive to gloss over,  
And make it with his tenets tally,  
Unless he round our standard rally.

And join in strenuous endeavour  
The wretches' thread of fate to sever,

‘ Whose dim extent eludes the inquiring sight,  
‘ ARE MIGHTY MONUMENTS OF PAST DELIGHT.’

These ‘ monuments of past delight,’ Darwin says,  
‘ Rose from the wrecks of animal or herb.’

Thus taught by this wondrous sage, I trust the friends  
to humanity will suppose it best to let the poor, infirm,  
and decrepid, die off as fast as possible, to ‘ manure the  
earth,’ that the ‘ quantity of organized matter of which  
‘ they were composed, may revive in the forms of mil-  
‘ lions of microscopic animals, vegetables, and insects,  
‘ make “ monuments of past delight,” &c.’ Therefore  
it is to be hoped, that the promoters of the Perkinian  
Institution will prove as despicable in respect to num-  
bers, as they are deficient in understanding, especially in  
comprehending the great and glorious truths of modern  
philosophy.

That having met their final doom,  
*They* may have rest, *we*—elbow room.

Say that the deepest politicians  
 Will join their powers with us physicians;  
 Assist to overset the flummery  
 Of Perkins' mischief-making mummary.

Nor suffer Tractoring rogues to cure  
 Such sordid shoals of paltry poor,  
 Of whom it truly may be said,  
 That they were ten times better dead.

For when the old Nick comes and fetches  
 Away the dirty set of wretches,  
 Times will improve, because, the fact is,  
 'Twill lessen poor rates, worst of taxes.

Say that those wights of skill surprising  
 In science of economising,  
 Who cook up most delicious farings,  
 From cheese rinds, and potatoe parings,

Will thank us when this paltry band  
 Are 'kill'd off,' to manure the land;  
 And they will make, I ween, besides,  
 Morocco leather from their hides.

And so contrive that every coffin,  
 Which serves to lug a dead rogue off in,  
 Shall answer, if it be not made ill,  
 For living child, a clever cradle. <sup>84</sup>

Say Perkinism should be levell'd;  
 'Tis Galvanism worse bedevill'd:  
 Indeed they both are but a schism,  
 From old exploded Mesmerism. <sup>85</sup>

<sup>84</sup> For living child, a clever cradle.

In the enumeration of my plans for universal improvements, in my first Canto, I absolutely forgot to mention this scheme for public economy. I do hope, trust, and believe, that, should it strike the eye or the ear of the generous and *unassuming* Count Rumford, it will recommend me to his kind notice, and as much *liberal* patronage, as he once extended to poor Doctor Garnet.

<sup>85</sup> From old exploded Mesmerism.

The whole pretence of Mesmerism, or Animal Mag-



Though fools say Perkins never took,  
 Like Mesmer and De Mainaduc,  
 His patients wild imagination,  
 To join in aid of operation—

And though they say, on man and horse,  
 The Tractors act with equal force ;  
 Still some among us can get through it,  
 And swear old Satan helps him do it!

In proof of Tractoring defection  
 Proclaim that wise and learn'd objection,  
 The famous argument, so handy,  
 About their *modus operandi*.

netism, was long since proved to be a fallacy, and blown up accordingly, by a set of academicians at Paris. Our profession have shewn great ingenuity in their endeavours to persuade mankind that Perkinism rested on the same foundation, and ought of consequence to share the same fate. As it is ingeniously determined to class every innovation, which militates against our interest, with some exploded practice, I would respectfully propose that your Worships should do the justice to the person, who first suggested the idea of classing Perkinism with Animal Magnetism, of requesting his acceptance of a statue,

That a physician should neglect  
 T' attend to e'en a good *effect*,  
 Unless the *cause*, as he supposes,  
 Is nine times plainer than his nose is ;

And though it may be urg'd by some,  
 That this grave reasoning's all a hum,  
 Because the learn'd are in the dark  
 How opium, mercury acts, and bark ;

To such reply you'll make no answers,  
 For much I question if you can, Sirs ;  
 But rather for retort uncivil,  
 The poker take and lay them level. <sup>86</sup>

<sup>86</sup> The poker take and lay them level.

Please not to imagine that I would be understood to recommend this 'retort courteous' in the most unqualified sense, or that it be exercised on every occasion. On the contrary, the due performance of it will require no small degree of prudence and discretion. Indeed I would have you use the *poker*, or any other violent and *weighty* arguments of this kind, only when your antagonist happens to be a woman, a child, or some debilitated and cowardly wretch, who will submit without any chance of your meeting with unpleasant resistance.

From Haygarth, borrowing a rare hint,  
Tell how these Tractors, 'tis apparent,

As to the justice of this mode of response there exists no doubt, and therefore dread no decisions *in foro conscientiae*, because the extreme heinousness of your adversaries' provocation will appear from the following consideration. To deprive you of an argument, for which you have sacrificed every thing dear to obtain, must, confessedly, be regarded a most outrageous proceeding. Now this is exactly the case in the present instance, for, in your attempt to show that medical men believe and trust in no medicine, the *modus operandi* of which they do not comprehend, you make a sacrifice of *truth, decency, and common sense*, the full reward of which sacrifice you ought to enjoy unmolested. That no man can explain how mercury cures the syphilis, bark an intermittent fever, or opium produces sleep, is confessed by every medical author, and that all these should be used in our practice, without any hesitation, I never heard any person deny, and for this proper and substantial reason, their administration is *profitable* to the faculty. I have therefore to repeat that, when the Perkinites complain of your rejecting the use of the Tractors, because their *modus operandi* cannot be entirely explained, although you adopt the use of drugs, the operation of which is equally or more inexplicable, your sacrifice in support of your ground is so great that, whoever attempts to drive you from such ground, deserves to be laid low with the first weapon that comes to hand.



The most insidious things in nature,  
Will e'en bewitch the operator ! <sup>87</sup>

<sup>87</sup> Will e'en bewitch the operator.

No part of the learned Doctor's management, in the Anti-Perkinistic cause, merits higher Eulogy than his most *rational* explanation of that most *irrational* practice. So *cogently* does an innate principle of equity control me, that I am absolutely *coerced* to offer, at the shrine of the heroic Doctor, my tributary dole of the incense of admiration, for having presented our profession such a powerful knock-me-down argument, wherewith to buffet the common enemy.

The sagacious Doctor having published a scientific Treatise against the Tractors, demonstrating that 'they act on the *patient's* imagination,' Perkins came out in reply, with all the fury of an Irish Rebel, and declared that the Doctor deserved to be trounced for not suffering his readers to know, that the Tractors pretended to cure infants and brute animals, though numerous cases to that effect had then been published ; and in that reply proclaimed that Dr. H. purposely endeavoured to suppress such facts, that he might, with greater facility, induce the public to swallow the deductions drawn from his magical manœuvres in the Bath and Bristol hospitals. Now, admitting the Doctor managed in this way, I am sure he was perfectly right in so doing. The *end in view*, according to established principles of *modern* morality, will ever justify the *means* taken to accomplish that end. In this case, the end in view was most im-

Will break down reason's feeble fences,  
And play the deuce with our five senses!

portant—nothing less than the downfall of Perkinism, and the consequent aggrandisement of our profession. Should any of our opponents be so captious as to assert, that such principles and such motives of action should not be encouraged in society—that they have a most pernicious tendency, and other nonsense of that sort, I must take the liberty to refer them to the First Consul of the French Republic, whose conduct has ever been modelled according to the principles above stated, and who is certainly the most *powerful Logician* of the age, perfectly able to confound those who shut their eyes against the light of conviction.

But to revert to the Doctor's Treatise, and Perkins's impudent replication. The man who could raise the very old Gentleman himself, by the legitimate powers of necromancy, was not so easily defeated. Accordingly he returns to the charge in another edition—admits the existence of the numerous cases on infants, horses, &c. but lays them all level with the following unanswerable argument.—‘ The proselytes of Perkinism having  
‘ been driven from every other argument, have, as a  
‘ last resource, alledged that the Patent Metallic Trac-  
‘ tors have removed the disorders of infants and horses.  
‘ Even this *flimsy* pretence is capable of a satisfactory re-  
‘ futation. In these cases it is not the *Patient*, but the  
‘ *Observer*, who is deceived by his own imagination!!!’  
See Haygarth's Book, page 40. *Mirabile Dictu!*

And act a part, so very scurvy,  
They turn a man's brains topsy turvy!

Will so bewilder and astound one,  
They make a lame horse *seem* a sound one!  
*Appear*, with but three legs to wag on,  
A Pegasus, or flying dragon!!

Then quote his lady's ECCHYMOSIS,<sup>88</sup>  
Which rose an inch from where her nose is;

<sup>88</sup> Then quote his lady's ECCHYMOSIS.

The celebrated story of the lady's ecchymosis comes handed down to your Worships by five successive reporters. The lady *incog*, who makes so *conspicuous* a figure in Dr. Haygarth's narration, told another lady, who told a Medical Friend of Dr. H. who told Dr. H. who told Dr. Caustic, who tells your Worships this important anecdote. Now as 'in the multitude of counsellors there is *safety*,' so in a multitude of reporters there is *certainty*. But to the story, which I shall give in the language of Dr. H.'s medical friend afore-said.

'A lady informed me that a lady of her acquaintance, who had great faith in the efficacy of the Tractors, on seeing a small *ecchymosis*, about the size of a *silver penny*, at the corner of the eye, desired to try on it the effect



And was not bigger much, if any,  
He states, than puny ‘silver penny.’

“ of her favourite remedy. The *lady*, who was intended  
“ to be the subject of the trial, consented, and the *other*  
“ *lady* produced the instruments, and after drawing them  
“ four or five times over the spot declared, that it chang-  
“ ed to a paler colour; and on repeating the use of them  
“ a few minutes longer, that it had almost vanished, and  
“ was scarcely visible, and departed in high triumph at  
“ her success. I was assured by the *lady*, who under-  
“ went the operation, that she looked in the glass im-  
“ mediately after, and that not the least visible altera-  
“ tion had taken place!!’ (From *Haygarth’s Book*,  
page 40.)

I had determined to exert my influence in all our Medical societies, that the above case be read at the opening of each meeting, until there should not be left of the Tractors, in this island, ‘a wreck behind.’ But a far better plan of Dr. H. himself has precluded the necessity of this measure, which was to announce in all the advertisements of his book in the public papers, that ‘it explains why the disorders of infants and horses are said to have been cured by the Tractors.’ (See his daily advertisements in the papers.)

Indeed, I am at a loss which to admire most, the pretty fanciful relation above cited, which is all the new edition of the Doctor’s Treatise against the Tractors contains, to justify the assertion in the advertisements before mentioned, or his singular skill in constructing such a fabric on this foundation. Did I possess the

'Twas then assail'd, with courage hearty,  
 By juggling wench of Perkins' party,  
 And soon, to her beconjur'd eyes,  
*It seem'd* a thousandth part its size.

'And now,' quoth she, 'I scarce can view it,  
 'These Tractors are the things that do it;  
 'Oh la! I vow, it's taken flight,  
 'And vanish'd fairly out of sight!!'

talents of the Doctor in the advertising department, I should announce this my pithy performance to the public, by publishing in all the papers, that the price of the Tractors was, in consequence of Dr. Caustic's opposition, fallen to the price of old iron, and Perkins' pamphlets, having been proscribed by physicians, were condemned, and actually burnt by the hangman, on execution-day, at the Old Bailey, in the presence of every individual of the College of Physicians, and half the citizens of London.

I would beg leave to add to this incomparable Haygarthian demonstration an argument of my own, which I think is not less powerful. It is impossible that these Tractors should perform any *real* cure, as they act *solely* on the *imagination* either of the patient or the operator. But cures performed by the power of *imagination* must be *imaginary* cures, that is, no cures at all.

But Madam Hoaxhoax, in her glass,  
Beholding what it *truly* was,  
Exclaim'd, ' My last new wig I'll burn up,  
' If 'tis not bigger than a turnip!!!'

In public papers, more's his glory,  
The Doctor advertiz'd this story;  
And you'll confound the tractoring folks  
By Haygarth's tale of Lady Hoax.<sup>89</sup>

<sup>89</sup> By Haygarth's tale of Lady Hoax.

It is not true, as some sagacious Coffee-house politicians have asserted, that Madam Hoax (or more correctly double Hoax) is the wife of a Chinese Mandarin, settled on the Mountains of the Moon, in Abyssinia, for the purpose of ascertaining the influence of imagination in the cure of diseases. No, Gentlemen, she is a Baroness of true English breed, more sturdy than a Semiramis, a Penthesilea, or a Joan of Arc, and will prove, in our cause, a championess of pre-eminent prowess. Should your Worships wish for further acquaintance with this lady, which in my opinion would be for your mutual advantage, you will take the trouble to inquire at my garret, No. 299, Dyot Street, St. Giles's, (having removed from my former place of residence, third floor, 327, Grub Street, with a view of being nearer my friend, Sir Joseph, in Soho Square), and her address shall be at your service.



Tell one more tale, from ancient sages,  
About the wondrous chain of ages,

I am now preparing a most awful Tragedy for Drury Lane Theatre (Mr. Sheridan's approbation being already obtained), to be 'intitled and called' the 'DREADFUL DOWNFALL OF TERRIBLE TRACTORISING CONFOUNDED CONJURATION;' in which I propose to introduce a New Song, that I have no doubt will be so celebrated as to be the theme of every ballad-singer in the metropolis. I cannot forbear anticipating some small share of that applause, which I have reason to suppose will be *piled* on Dr. Caustic, as soon as he is publicly known, as the Author of such an inimitable production, by obliging your Worships with a *part* of the chorus to the song aforesaid.

Come now let us coax  
Haygarth and Dame Hoax,  
Like true hearts of oaks,  
To crack off their jokes,  
While dreading their strokes,  
Those sheep-hearted folks,  
The tractoring Perkinites, quiver;

O may they with knocks,  
'And shivering shocks,'  
Pound their jackets and frocks,  
Till dead as horse-blocks,  
(O what a sad box!)  
They're thrown in the docks,  
Or, just like dead cats, in the river!

Gold, silver, brass, but not a link,  
Compos'd of copper, or of zinc.

That, as it ever was the curse  
Of man to go from bad to worse,  
This age (the thought might e'en distract us)  
Is that of vile Metallic Tractors!

That your last sixpence you will bet all,  
Ages will follow of worse metal,  
Unless this wickedness you stop,  
To sweepings of a black-smith's shop!

Say that the devil never fails<sup>90</sup>  
To eat a tiger, stuff'd with nails;

This song is to be set to Music by Mr. Kelly, in his very best stile of pathos, sublimity, and crotchets, and to be delightfully demi-semi-quavered to the admiring audience by Mrs. Billington. Then, if Box, Pit, and Gallery, should not, *una voce*, Nick Bottom-like, cry, 'Encore! Encore! Let her roar! Let her roar! Once more, Once more!' Let the squeak and the squall be swelled to a bawl, Dr. Caustic will find the door! find the door! and never go there any more!!

<sup>90</sup> Say that the devil never fails.

This stanza contains a legendary tale, which I dare

With claws and head and hair on, munching,  
The savage creature at a luncheon !

That one old woman, pain distracted,  
This part of Satan over-acted ;  
In gulping Tractors down, for med'cines,<sup>91</sup>  
With such effect, that faith she's dead since.

say is as true, as that which commemorates a notable exploit of St. Dunstan in seizing old Satan, one dark night in the tenth century, and wringing the nose of his Infernal Majesty with a pair of red-hot blacksmith's pincers, which made him roar and scold at such a rate, that he awakened and terrified all the good people of Glastenbury and its neighbourhood.

<sup>91</sup> In gulping Tractors down, for med'cines.

An old lady of my acquaintance was actually advised by an *ingenious* son of Galen, an Apothecary, resident a few miles north of London, to swallow Tractors for an internal complaint. If our profession were to follow this laudable example, and force their patients to swallow them for pills, and then give the public a judicious detail of the terrible consequences, ending with the death of the patients, Perkinism would sink into that contempt in the estimation of the public which it justly deserves.



Then make it plain, by quoting Greek,  
That this old hag, of whom we speak,  
More brass and iron took in one day,  
Than Satan all the week, with Sunday.

But should the public turn deaf ear to't,  
Tell them that I know who will swear to't;  
And testify the whole affair  
Before his honour, the Lord Mayor!

Say Perkinism was begotten  
In wilds where science ne'er was thought on;<sup>92</sup>

<sup>92</sup> In wilds where science ne'er was thought on.

That is, in the United States of America, among Indians and Yankees. You will find, Gentlemen, much to the purpose, relative to the state of science, where Perkinism originated, in the *Monthly Magazine* of January, 1803, under the title of 'Animadversions on the present State of Literature and Taste in the United States, communicated by an English Gentleman lately returned from America.' This gentleman gives information that the Americans are wretchedly '*behind-hand* in science *with* the Britons.' Indeed those transatlantic youngers ought, in half a century, to have established universities and other seminaries of learning,

And had its birth and education  
Quite at the fag-end of Creation!

For raree-show, to England smuggled,  
That honest Christians, all bejuggled,

at least as *old* and respectable as those of Oxford and Cambridge, and which should have graduated as many students and produced as many great men. As to the parsimonious spirit of Americans in encouraging science (which this gentleman animadverts upon with laudable indignation) it ought truly to be exclaimed against by us Englishmen, for the weighty reason following: Great Britain, 'from time whereof the memory of man runneth 'not to the contrary' (as Judge Blackstone says) hath starved some of her first poets, such for instance as Butler, Otway, Chatterton, Dryden, Savage, &c. &c. &c. &c. consequently (according to the same author) she ought to enjoy the *exclusive* 'customary privilege' of inflicting the horrors of starvation on the sons of the muses: but it must be granted, for the honour of British Munificence, that the scientific Herschel, in the decline of life, as a reward for immortalizing his present Majesty, by inscribing GEORGIUM Sidus in the great Folio of the heavens, is allowed the enormous pension of 80l. per annum!!

This instance of *liberality*, in rewarding merit, has caused me to suspend *my* animadversions relative to patronage afforded men of *real science* in Great Britain, till I can discover whether it be the absolute determination of my countrymen to starve Doctor Caustic.

Might tamely suffer B. D. Perkins  
To pick the pockets of their jerkins.

Say that 'twas twinn'd with monstrous Mammoth,<sup>93</sup>  
And to go near it you'd be d—d loth,<sup>94</sup>  
Because it always eats poor sinners,  
As I eat bread and cheese for dinners!

<sup>93</sup> Say that 'twas twinn'd with monstrous Mammoth.

And must, of course, be a most terrible wild beast.—  
Ladies and Gentlemen may form a tolerable idea of the enormity of Perkinism, by viewing the skeleton of a Mammoth now exhibiting in Pall Mall, in the very place where lately were to be seen those terrible caricatures of the Devil, &c. under the appellation of FUSELI'S MILTON GALLERY.

<sup>94</sup> And to go near it you'd be d—d loth.

This Manifesto, you will please to recollect, is the language of Gentlemen Physicians. Now it is well known that you possess a privilege, sanctioned by long and invariable practice, if not founded on act of parliament, to enforce your sentiments by certain *energetic* expressions, which, in the mouths of people of less consequence, would be considered as very vulgar, and nearly allied to *profane swearing*. And since your Worships ever most manfully exercise this privilege to the full extent of its limits, the present Manifesto would have been extremely inapposite and unnatural, had not an *ornament* of this kind been introduced.



Say that it is ‘*Monstrum horrendum!*’  
 As great a plague as God could send ’em.  
 Moreover ’tis ‘*Informe, ingens!*’  
 Brought up among the Western Indians.

Go on then ‘*Lumen cui ademptum,*’  
 A worse thing Satan never dreamt on;  
 And sure your Worships cannot urge ill,  
 Such *classic* matter—all from Virgil.

Now when you’ve duly blaz’d about  
 These knock-down arguments, so stout,  
 Perhaps the foe will topple under,  
 Like rotten gate-posts struck with thunder!

But if the daring rebel rout  
 Should rashly strive to stand it out,  
 In following Canto I’ll disclose  
 How we’ll proceed from words to blows.



## C A N T O    I V.

### GRAND ATTACK!

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#### ARGUMENT.

Now Caustic finding Logic sound  
The conjuring crew will not confound,  
Like an indignant hero blusters,  
The MIGHTY ROYAL COLLEGE musters;  
Joins to your Worships' powerful Phalanx  
' Death-doing' Quacks, and men of all ranks!  
A bolder, and more desperate host,  
Than Jacobinic France can boast.  
Then marches to o'erturn and knock dead  
Each tractoring Perkinistic blockhead;  
Their INSTITUTION next attacking,  
He sends them all to Satan—packing!

OUR foresaid MANIFESTO, first done,  
Which shows our cause a good and just one;  
The *boldest* sons of Galen call on,<sup>95</sup>  
That they with fire and fury fall on!

<sup>95</sup> The *boldest* sons of Galen call on.

I say the *boldest*, for we cannot rely on the aid of the  
*whole* Esculapian phalanx. Many white-livered das-



Sound Discord's jarring tocsin louder,  
Than Howard's fulminating powder;<sup>96</sup>

tards who disgrace our profession have shewn a disposition to remain neuter, or fight under Perkinian banners!

<sup>96</sup> Than Howard's fulminating powder.

It is a long time since the public have had any *reports* from the honourable Mr. Howard's Fulminating Powder, which, three years since, made so much *noise*, that the world had reason to expect that *thunderiferous* Chemist would make no more of exploding to Old Nick a whole army of Frenchmen, with Bonaparte at its head, than would a Cockney Sportsman of shooting a tame goose on the first of September.

Whether this mighty affair is all *blown up*, or what may have been the cause of the *silence* of those who defended a thing, which so *loudly* proclaimed its own merits, it becomes Mr. Howard to explain.

Of this he may be assured, if he do not stir his stumps in order to fulfil *some* of the fair promises, which he and his friends have made to the Royal Society and the Public, of the astonishing achievements they were about to perform, by the demi-omnipotent power of his new-invented artificial thunder, I hereby give the *alarming* intelligence that I will apply my own superior talents to this *sonorous* subject. Should that happen, those laurels which were designed to decorate the brow of Mr. Howard, will be tied in a bow-knot round my venerable temples. For, in that case, the learned che-

Then into battle like brave men go,  
 Who late were 'kill'd off,' at Marengo. 97

mist's acquisitions, in the art of *intonation*, will bear no better comparison to those of Dr. Caustic, than the clattering waggon wheels of Salmoneus to the world-astounding thunderbolts of Jupiter. No person can doubt my being able to accomplish all this, who is apprised, as he may be from perusing this performance, of the vast quantity of the most *detonating* kind of *mercury*, which exists in my composition, and which will *fulminate* with greater effect, than the *gold* and *silver* that line the *magnipotent* purse of the honourable the heir *apparent* to the Duke of Norfolk.

97. 'Kill'd off' at Marengo.

I have taken a confounded deal of trouble to *haul* into my poem this beautiful specimen of parliamentary elocution; and, in my opinion, nothing can be better imagined or more happily accomplished. Poetry and Oratory, as the ancients inform us, were both *whelped* at one litter; consequently the same phrase which glittered in the harangue of *my* bull-baiting friend, William Windham, a British Senator, cannot fail to cut a dash in the stanza of *his* seraphical friend, Christopher Caustic, a British Poet.

Now as I am a great admirer of French Principles, and that new and accommodating kind of morality, by Frenchmen discovered, and which I ever have and ever will eulogise, to the utmost extent of my faculties, perhaps your Worships will express no small degree of

But choose a chief before you start,  
 A bully bold as Bonapart' ;  
 And to make sure of well succeeding,  
 Another chap like Charles of Sweden.

Step forth thou POTENT PRINCE OF PUFFERS !  
 Thou modern Hercules of huffers !  
 Whose name, as Sternhold us'd to say,  
 Will ring ' for ever—and a day.'

For thou canst sound (a thing the oddest,  
 Since an arch Quaker should be modest,  
 And never meddle with a strumpet,) <sup>98</sup>  
 Thine own great name on *Fame's* brass trumpet.

wonderment why I should be the intimate friend of a gentleman, the *blaze* of whose oratory, one would suppose, would have *blasted* Bonaparte, and even *singed* the whole French Republic. But those, who are admitted behind the political curtain, will perceive that the *tendency* of the measures, which Mr. Windham supports, is to *promote* those Jacobinic principles, of which Dr. Caus-  
*tic openly* and *honestly* professes himself to be the determined propagator and defender.

<sup>98</sup> And never meddle with a strumpet.

Surely no person will imagine that I would, for the

And soon that name's continuous roar  
 Shall roll sublime from shore to shore;  
 Among th' Antipodes be known,  
 And *blaze* through either *frozen* zone.<sup>99</sup>

No more shall merciless reviewers  
 Stick full of satire's savage skewers  
 The mighty chief of whom I'm boasting,  
 As one would spit a *goose* for roasting.<sup>100</sup>

world, allude to any *other* lady than Madam Fame herself.

<sup>99</sup> And *blaze* through either *frozen* zone.

I have very substantial reasons for spreading glad tidings of our redoubtable chieftain among the most distant inhabitants of the globe, in preference to endeavouring to add to his great celebrity 'within the periphery of his associates.' And whereas it has been said that this gentleman's reputation will ever stand highest where he is either not known at all, or known only by those literary productions, in which he is himself the theme of his own most 'ardent praise,' mine shall be the humble task of trumpeting the Doctor's name among the distant inhabitants of this dirty planet, while the Doctor shall himself 'dip his pen in ethereal and indelible ink, and impress his observations in characters legible in the great volume of the heavens.'



For should they raise with dire misprision,  
 'Gainst thee one finger in derision ;

<sup>100</sup> As one would spit a *goose* for roasting.

True it is, though 'passing strange,' that a *great* and *good* man, composed, as he *himself* can attest, of the very essence of humanity, is often most vilely, most audaciously, and most atrociously bespattered by a set of saucy Reviewers.

Those wicked wits, the writers in the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*, especially the latter, in a critique on one of the late works of a certain Doctor of *Mangel Wurzel* memory, tell us that 'The importance of a  
 ' man to himself was never more conspicuous than in  
 ' this publication. Dr. Lettsom admits that he has been  
 ' anticipated by several distinguished authors, but most-  
 ' destly hints that some of his particular friends will  
 ' form no opinion (respecting the cow-pox) till they have  
 ' ascertained *his* sentiments.' They then have the audacity to declare, that 'he merits no slight punishment  
 ' for his pompous inflated language, for his fulsome  
 ' flattery, and ridiculous exaggeration of every part of  
 ' the subject.'

See how they speak of a late publication of the Doctor on certain charitable Institutions 'Unless to connect these different Institutions, to lead the different  
 ' radii to a centre, while that centre is the Author and  
 ' the Editor, who can boast, *Qua ipse miserrima vidi, et*  
 ' *quorum pars magna fui!* we see little advantage in this  
 ' edition. We mean not to intimate the slightest dis-

This right hand rudest doggrel's club in,  
Shall give the knaves a dreadful drubbing.

But thou, the leader of our throng,  
Shalt glitter in a future song,  
Which I intend to raise sonorous,  
And QUACK! QUACK!! QUACK!!! shall be the  
chorus!

‘ approbation of these Institutions, or of humanity in  
‘ general; but when we see pomp and egotism assuming  
‘ its garb, when vanity and ostentation occasionally peep  
‘ from beneath the robe, we feel no little disgust from  
‘ comparing the fascinating exterior with the unpleasing  
‘ contents, &c.’ They likewise have the impudence to  
assert, that some of the Doctor’s plans are ‘ better suited  
‘ to the superstition of an Hindoo, than to the nature of  
‘ a rational Christian.’ And in another review they  
declare, ‘ We mean not to stoop to any, but will tell  
‘ Dr. Lettsom his faults (consummate assurance!!) as  
‘ well as any other author, nor will we conceal that mean  
‘ mark of a little mind, overweening vanity. We saw  
‘ it in its germ, have watched its opening bud, till it is  
‘ expanded into its blossom. The literary life of Doc-  
‘ tor L—— may well be styled the *progress* of vanity;  
‘ the termination is yet to come: but we have ample ma-  
‘ terials for the subject.’ See *Monthly Review*, of July,  
and *Critical Review* of Sept. 1802, and Feb. 1803.

Then, had I money, I would bet some,  
 And faith I'll do it, (when I get some),  
 One half a guinea, Sirs, (a net sum),  
 They'll fall before Great Doctor L——. <sup>101</sup>

<sup>101</sup> They'll fall before great Doctor L——.

I resolved to recommend your arranging yourselves under the banners of this Leviathan of the Galenical throng, from the moment I first heard of his noble and spirited sally against the Tractors. Disdaining the wretched trammels of *why and wherefore*, and without assigning those paltry trifles, called *reasons*, for his opinions, on the merits of Perkinism, our intrepid commander determined to extirpate it root and branch, with his simple *ipse dixit*. This is what we ought to expect from a hero of such prowess. See how well he manages these metallic makers of mischief! In an Eulogium (a very agreeable thing to a *modest* man during his lifetime) on his friend Dr. Haygarth, contained in the work which those wicked Reviewers above-mentioned, have treated so irreverently, he mentions (page 277) the ‘important object,’ which Dr. Haygarth has so ‘happily effected.’ This is ‘arresting and *subduing* two poisons, the most fatal to the human race, (fever and small-pox) and unveiling imposture, clothed in the meretricious garb of bold quackery:’ a note on the word ‘*imposture*,’ in the margin says, ‘Experiments on Metallic Tractors.’ Now unless I can borrow the pen of the learned Doctor, dipped in ‘*ETHEREAL and indelible ink*,’



Thou too, fam'd KNIGHT OF HORRID FIGURE!  
With wig than bushel-basket bigger;

and a whole literary apparatus in proportion, I shall never be able to express how much I admire the matter above quoted, on account of the important *intelligence* therein contained. Before Doctor L. asserted it, I dare say not an individual in the kingdom knew that Dr. Haygarth had '*effected*' such an 'important object,' that fever and small-pox were subdued, altogether extinct, despoiled of that venom which has hitherto 'brought death into the world,' and so much woe. But true it is, they are quite extirpated, and all this by Dr. Haygarth!!! One cannot but exclaim against the perverseness of those Members of Parliament, who, regardless of this *news* from Dr. L. voted a reward to Dr. Jenner for his services in *subduing* the small-pox, and to Dr. Smith, for his discoveries in *subduing* contagious fevers. In short, I am almost ready to enforce the charge of ignorance against my brethren in the Profession, for I have not yet met with one, possessed of sufficient penetration to see, that neither fever, nor small-pox, 'has a local habitation and a name among us,' and that they have been both '*subdued*,' and all this '*effected*' by Dr. Haygarth!

Now to the latter part of our quotation, '*unveiling* 'imposture, clothed in the meretricious garb of bold 'quackery.' This sentence, from p. 277, presents us the *whole* proof of this 'imposture.' Not another syllable on the Tractors will be found in the body of the work. In the *index*, however, mention is made of the



Which, in its orbit vast, contains,  
At least, a thimble full of brains!

subjects discussed in the book, among which subjects, is the following, 'Imposture of the Metallic Tractors,' page 277!! But this, as before intimated, was quite sufficient for a gentleman of such *scientific* pre-eminence. Why should he trouble himself to search for reasons, when he is sure to be believed 'within the periphery of 'his associates,' although he has no reasons to give?

I must here be indulged in adducing an instructive dialogue, which actually took place, not many weeks since, between a renowned Physician, of the name of Dr. LEATHERHEAD, and a gentleman, who was no physician at all, whom I shall call Mr. ROWLAND.

Mr. ROWLAND. What is your opinion, Dr. Leatherhead, of the Metallic Tractors?

Dr. LEATHERHEAD. Why I'll tell thee, friend Rowland; I think them as gross an imposition as ever was attempted.

Mr. R. But, Doctor, have you read the different cases which have been published? Can you believe that such characters would give their names to false statements?

Dr. L. These Tractors, *thee may* be assured, friend R. never performed a cure in the world. 'Tis all trash—all nonsense—all imagination—and none but fools and knaves are among their supporters.

Mr. R. How has Perkins become possessed of the cases he has published?

Come on, with lion heart, like Hector,  
And phiz resembling monkey's spectre;

Dr. L. Oh! that I can tell thee, very easily, friend  
R. *Has thee* never heard of Dr. Godbold?

Mr. R. Certainly.

Dr. L. Well, as he could neither read nor write, he kept two men in constant employ, one to write his cases, and one to swear to them. Sometimes, to be sure, a few guineas were scattered about—Strange things these guineas are, friend R. *ha?*—Now, friend R. *can thee* any longer query how Perkins comes by his cases? *ha! ha! ha!*

Mr. R. Have you ever seen, Doctor, any of the publications of Mr. Perkins?

Dr. L. Not I, truly. Knowing they could contain nothing but lies, I should have been but ill employed in poring over such trash.

Mr. R. Did you ever see the Tractors?

Dr. L. No, nor ever wish to see them; they are—

Mr. R. (raising his voice, and taking a set of the Tractors from his pocket) Hear me, Sir! Can you pretend to any credit as an honest Physician, as a man of humanity, when sordid self-interest and disgraceful prejudice impel you to shut your eyes against investigation, lest conviction should follow? I am ashamed of your conduct. The facts in favour of the Metallic Practice are supported by testimony as honourable and disinterested as England can produce. Your hint that they are forgeries, or that they have been purchased, implies a supposition of depravity among men, which,

Prepare the batteries of thy Journal,<sup>102</sup>  
To blast with infamy eternal.

let me tell you, Sir, reflects not very favourably on the *virtue* of the *source* whence the idea originated. With this set of Tractors (holding them out to view) I have cured above thirty indigent poor, and not by the power of *imagination*, but by the power of the *Tractors*.

Dr. L. (In a tone of wonderful complacency and humility) Really, friend R, what *thee says* gives me great satisfaction. I always knew thee to be a very sensible man, and the information that *thee approves* of the Metallic Tractors entirely changes my opinion of them. Before *thee took* them out of thy pocket, I thought *thee had* no belief in them. They certainly must be a very pleasant remedy, and incapable of doing harm; and, as for myself, I am such a friend to humanity, I shall ever be ready to stand forward in support of every thing which can benefit the public. It really does my heart good to hear of the services the Tractors are now doing my poor afflicted fellow creatures, for whom my bowels have so often yearned. I am sure I shall be one of the greatest friends of Perkinisim in England; so farewell friend R. (Exit Dr. L. as pale as ashes.)

In this dialogue I think there is great instruction. In case any of our Olivers chance to meet with a Rowland, and are involved in difficulties like those which threatened this champion, they may here learn the true way of becoming 'all things to all men,' and sneak out of the scrape to very little disadvantage: for though I would by no means advise a retreat, where there is the least

In medical Societies pour  
Forth all thy wonted *learned* lore :

chance of success in fighting (which chance did not exist in this case, for Rowland was preparing himself to give Leatherhead a most terrible threshing, had he not yielded) still,

‘ He who fights, and runs away,  
‘ May live to fight another day ;’

and the Doctor escaping with a whole skin is now left alive and mighty to assail the supporters of Perkinism in a more cautious, but not less decisive manner.

<sup>102</sup> Prepare the batteries of thy Journal.

Here I can, with certainty, calculate on the most powerful co-operation. This —, what shall I call it ? This Official Gazette of the Profession—this Medico-Chemico-Comico-Repository, for the effusions of self-puffers, prescribing rules and recipes,

‘ How best to fill his purse, and thin the town ;’

this powerful instrument of offensive and defensive warfare has ever, with becoming vigilance, guarded its post against Perkinian Invaders, and suffered no occasion to pass, without a squirt of the *Gallic Acid* of Satire, when there was deemed a possibility of *blackening* the common enemy.

I can never sufficiently express my approbation of the Carthaginian cunning, with which this Journal has been



Tell the vile deeds by quackery done,  
By every nostrum, save *thine own*.<sup>103</sup>

conducted. Dr. B. professing great impartiality, in an early number (see vol. ii. p. 85) invited communications on the subject of the Tractors. Subsequent management evidently showed a slight omission in the Doctor's notice, and that he meant *communications on one side only*; for he has omitted no pains to procure and publish whatsoever could be suggested *against* the Tractors: but, though reports of cases in their favour, and all the publications of the Patentee have been before him, not a syllable of *these* was ever noticed by that gentleman; neither has it ever appeared by his Journal that such facts ever existed!

<sup>103</sup> By every nostrum, save *thine own*.

I appeal to any of my brethren, who have been gratified, as I often have been, with the Demosthenes-like torrent, which has been so frequently poured forth, in our Medical Societies, by this 'Child and Champion' of the Galenical Throng, against quackery, and all its appurtenances, whether it were fair to surmise, as some unconscionable rogues have done, that Dr. B. has absolutely himself become the proprietor of a quack medicine. The fire of eloquence, with which Perkinism, that most atrocious kind of quackery, has been so frequently, and so effectually assailed by the learned Doctor, at the Medical Society at Guys, the Lyceum Medico Londonensis, &c. &c. &c. ought to have insured Dr. B. so much of the gratitude of the Profession, that, although he

For thou didst play the hero rarely,  
At Westminster, when routed fairly;

should *himself* choose to become one of the arrantest quacks in the kingdom, he might depend on your support of his reputation, and your exertions to uphold him. No subsequent apostasy on his part, I maintain, will justify a dereliction of him.

Recall to your recollection, Gentlemen, the denunciations he has so often made against every medical practitioner, who should presume, either directly or indirectly, to offer any patronage to remedies, which bore even the most distant resemblance to a nostrum. How often have the walls of the Medical Theatres of Saint Thomas' Hospital, and Windmill Street, echoed loud responses to his declamations against the varlets, who should dare to recommend means, in the profits of the consumption of which the whole profession could not participate? How often have you received his invitations to send him your effusions and declamations against quackery, to receive an efficient publication in his Journal, and what number of that Journal has appeared, without performing his promise, by honouring those effusions with a place in its immortal pages?

Lest even these most important considerations should still find you inexorable, I trust I can show, by examining his conduct in regard to the quack medicine in question, that, if it be not praise-worthy, it is, at least, defensible.

The title of the nostrum, which has had the assistance of Dr. B. in being introduced to the notice of a grateful

Thy genius shew'd such vast resources,  
 'Gainst Belgraves, Colquhouns, Wilberforces! 104

public is 'A NEW MEDICINE FOR THE GOUT.' The pretended discoverer of this specific is, for very commendable, or, which is the same thing, very *prudent* reasons, kept behind the curtain. I wish, however, to express my utter disbelief that either Dr. Brodum or Dr. Solomon is the happy mortal, however similar the stile of the pamphlet, announcing this New Medicine, may be to their erudite writings, and the pretensions of the said medicine to 'Balms of Gilead' and to 'Nervous Cordials.' That neither of these Gentlemen is the person at present incog, who invented Dr. B's new nostrum aforesaid, appears to me evident for three substantial reasons.

1. Drs. Brodum and Solomon have never shrunk from a free exposure of their names, or evinced an inclination to enjoy the emoluments of empiricism, without openly and boldly coming forward to endure the stigma, which is ever its inseparable companion.

2. They have never declined the public sale of their nostrums in the shops, nor pretended to offer it to the public without a remuneration; whereas, in the present instance, the nostrum is not sold at all in the shops, but is most *generously* given away, even two or three spoonsfull at a time, by Dr. Bradley, to any person, who will call on him for *advice*, and leave with him a *guinea* for that *advice*.

3. Those two *gentlemen*, also, have never, honourably and *honestly*, saved the commissioners of the Stamp



Though hunted down, thou wouldst not yield;  
 Though trodden on, didst keep the field;

Office the trouble of collecting a revenue for government, from the consumption of *their* quack medicines, as none can be collected on that which is *given* away.

But why do I labour to prove that, which would be of no moment, were the reverse of my opinion found to be the fact, and that the medicine were in reality even the joint property of that powerful trio, Brodum, Bradley, and Solomon, when I have a most conclusive and honourable document in favour of Dr. Bradley's *honourable* and *consistent* conduct. This is no other than his *Letter* to the unknown proprietor of this Blessing to the human race. Unfortunately for the edification of your learned body, my limits will not allow of the insertion of the whole of that precious communication; you will, therefore, please to treasure up more eagerly the short extract I shall make.

The letter begins with a 'Sir,' which scarcely leaves a doubt that the happy mortal in question is not Mrs. Williams, the conjurress.

'As I *approved* of the manner in which you commenced your trials of the virtues and efficacy of your gout medicine, I can have no objection to giving an opinion on the subject.'

Now could any thing have been more proper? Provided Dr. Bradley '*approved*' of the composition being kept a secret, however disposed he may be to trample upon the Metallic Tractors on that very account, he



Thus Witherington, in doleful dumps,  
For lack of legs, fought stout on stumps!

had an undoubted right to express himself accordingly. I have another incontestible proof of the Doctor's *incomprehensible* wisdom and discretion.—He has ascertained that this *internal* medicine, though *powerful*, ‘is safe ‘and innocent,’ which peculiar virtue is not possessed by any other *internal* medicine that ever was, and, I fear, ever will be discovered *again*, unless Dr. B. tries his skill a second time. ‘This point,’ says the Doctor, ‘I ascertained on first receiving a supply of it from you, by ‘taking it myself, and also by administering it to patients labouring under acute *rheumatism* (so now the *gout* medicine will cure *other* diseases!) in which cases ‘it *always* relieved pain, without producing any disagreeable effect on the constitution!!!’ But go on: ‘In acutely inflammatory and painful attacks of the ‘gout, I have *never* seen it fail to produce the desired ‘effect.’ (Vid. page 57.) Euge! Euge! Great Doctor Bradley!

Let no half-sighted mortal, who is aware of the achievements of this lordly chieftain and his imprecations so often poured forth against every supporter of a nostrum, who values among mankind that deportment, denominated CONSISTENCY, exclaim at this *modest* account of the virtues of the present nostrum, ‘HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!!’ No! but let him ponder well, and recollect, that Bradley ‘is an honourable man, and so are they all, all honourable men,’ who have raised the standard of defiance against the encroachments of Perkinism!

And couldst thou, pertinacious B——,  
 But maul these mutton heads, most sadly,  
 Soon might thy wig (the people staring)  
*All* in a chariot take an airing! <sup>105</sup>

<sup>104</sup> 'Gainst Belgraves, Colquhouns, Wilberforces!

What business had these fellows to intrude their noses into the concerns of the Westminster Infirmary? Brother B. had an undoubted right to manage, or *mis*-manage, the funds of a *Medical* Institution, as best suited his own convenience, without their troublesome interference.

<sup>105</sup> *All* in a chariot take an airing!

I hereby enter a protest against any one of my commentators, whether he be Vanscanderdigindich the elder, or Hansvanshognosuch, his cousin *German* (two *Dutch* geniusses, who have promised to furnish the next edition of this my pithy poem with a whole ass-load of annotations), or any other Gentlemen Critics or Reviewers of equal profundity, presuming to intimate, that I intend, by this passage, the smallest disrespect to your *pedestrian* Physicians. Far from that; I know that many good and great men (like myself, for example) cannot even pay a shilling for hackney-coach hire. No, Gentlemen; I have two great objects in view, to wit,

1. To encourage my brother B— to persevere in his laudable attempt to kick Perkinism back to the country

Led on by chieftains so redoubted,  
 These vile Perkineans must be routed;

whence it originated, by reminding him that, if the feat were once performed, he might, *perhaps*, soon afford the expence of a chariot to transport, in a respectable manner, *all* that wig, without laying the entire burden on the curious sconce it now envelopes.

2. To remind Brother B—, and the profession in general, how much more execution may be done by a Charioteer than by a Pedestrian Physician.

Although great men frequently differ, I am happy to find Mr. *Addison's* opinion and *mine*, in this particular, perfectly consentaneous.

‘ This body of men,’ says he, speaking of Physicians in our own country, ‘ may be described like the British army in Cæsar’s time. Some slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the Infantry do less execution than the Charioteers, it is because they cannot be carried, so soon, into all parts of the town, and dispatch so much business in so short a time.’ Spectator, No. 21.

Not an individual, I will venture to assert, who knows my brother B—, but must feel the really urgent necessity of elevating him, as soon as possible, from *le pavé*, and giving those talents their full *swing*. Then indeed soon might our charioteer justly boast—

‘ London, with all her passing bells, can tell,

‘ By this right arm what mighty numbers fell.

Then, if in future people be sick,  
They'll worship us, the Gods of Physic.

Why stand ye now, like drones, astounded,  
The weapons of your warfare grounded?  
Arm'd *cap-à-pè*, like heroes rush on,  
And crush this reptile Institution.

But first, to make the bigger bluster,  
Join every quack that you can muster;  
Some place in rear, and some in front on,  
From Brodum down to *gaseous T*———. <sup>106</sup>

- “ Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
- “ I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day.
- “ With pen in hand, I push'd to that degree,
- “ I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
- “ Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
- “ And death in ambush lay in every pill;
- “ For save, or slay, this privilege we claim,
- “ Though credit suffers, the reward's the same.”

<sup>106</sup> From Brodum down to *gaseous T*———.

I am fully sensible that many of my brethren, of less discernment than myself, would have assigned this famous little genius a rank on the empirical list even above Doctor Brodum. Making *puffing* their criterion,



Now when the foe you first get sight on,  
Shout CA IRA, and then rush right on;

they will argue, that those acute half-guinea paragraphs, which we occasionally see at the fag-end of the *Times* and other morning papers, respecting that ‘very learned ‘Physician,’—his ‘*Great Discoveries, and Improvements in the medical application of the Gasses,*’—his ‘*Grand National Botanical Work,*’ and fifty others of the same strain, asserting the high claims of this *airy* writer on the gratitude of the public, are incontestible proofs of his superior merits in the puffing department, which, say they, is one of the most necessary ingredients in the formation of a Charlatan. All this is specious reasoning; but I trust I shall show its fallacy. Pre-eminence, in my opinion, must be founded on some intrinsic excellence, original and independent of adventitious circumstances. If we closely examine the merits of this candidate, we shall find that there can be no great claim on this score. Let any man enjoy the facilities and advantages of a general dealer in the *airs*, who must of course have *puffs* of all descriptions at hand; and where is the merit of occasionally *letting off one*?

If there be any thing like originality in this industrious little philosopher, and for the invention of which I should be inclined to allow him the credit of ingenuity, it consists in his *meritometer*, which proposes to measure the merits of his fellow creatures by the degree of faith they can afford to bestow on the infallibility of his gasses as a panacea. See his plan of this Instrument,

And make as terrible a racket,  
As ever did a woman's clack yet. <sup>107</sup>

or rather the deductions drawn from his trials of it, in his large five volume *compilation of 'Extracts,'* vol. i. page 459. From this scale it appears, that  $\frac{999}{1000}$  of mankind are either fools or knaves, as that proportion places no confidence in the efficacy of his catholicon. I hope, therefore, after the good reasons here assigned for my conduct, I shall not be suspected of partiality to Doctor Brodum in retaining him at the head of the Quacks, nor ill-will to Doctor T. for not calling him up higher on the list.

107 As ever did a woman's clack yet.

Notwithstanding what Swift, and other gentlemen of the order of Cynics, have said or sung to the disparagement of the fair sex, and notwithstanding the many rebuffs I have myself received, whenever I have attempted to win the heart of any divinityship, above the order of a Billingsgate-lady, still I had supposed the fair sex, as being the weaker vessel, were entitled to a great share of our indulgence and protection; and could not of consequence so well discover the motives actuating those philosophers, who have endeavoured to persuade us that the fairer half of mankind were made merely for the purpose of being a thorn in the side of the other half. But my wife, as before intimated, (page 42) being an intolerable scold, I have, at length, become a complete *woman-bater*, and have as great an antipathy to a female as ever a toad had to a spider.

For should you sound a loud alarm,  
Perhaps you may so sadly scare 'em,

I have, however, formerly had so much experience in love affairs, that, for twenty years past, I have thought myself amply qualified to set up for a sort of love casuist, have given much good advice respecting the best mode of adjusting all affairs of the heart, and have acquitted myself much to the satisfaction of those ladies and gentlemen, who have consulted me on the occasion.

Now, as you are about to commence a most terrible combat, from which it is ten to one if one in ten of your honourable body ever return alive, I could wish, out of the superabundance of my humanity, that you should enjoy life as much as possible, before you are 'killed off,' or, as our best modern philosophers (Dr. Darwin and others) would have it, *go to sleep*, and therefore regale you, for a moment, with the following titbit of sentimentality.

A certain young gentleman of my acquaintance had read the '*Sorrows of Werter*,' and other delicious novels of that kind, in which the passion of love is represented as *irresistible*, and of consequence its existence in the breast of any person would justify the commission of suicide, provided he could not obtain the lovely object of all his soul's desire.

The impressions thus made were of such a nature, that the said gentleman was taken most terribly in love the very first opportunity, pined away, almost to a mere shadow of a skeleton, wrote many a 'doleful ballad to 'his mistress' eye-brows,' and was fully determined to



Like frightened sheep, they'll huddle right in  
The Old Nick's den, without much fighting.

shoot, hang, or drown himself, provided his *delectable* should not prove as kind as she was fair.

At this momentous crisis of his disorder I dosed my *whining* patient with the following poetical panacea, which completely removed his complaint, or, at least, gave it such a direction that it was perfectly harmless, and had a tendency rather to elevate than depress his mental energies.

A Poetical Epistle to a Friend of Doctor Caustic, who was uncommonly susceptible of the charms of the fair, and frequently fell desperately in love at the first sight of a fine lady.

WITH mute attention lend your ear,  
To hear, 'and reverence what you hear,'  
While truths more precious I unfold  
Than splendid gems incas'd in gold.  
I wish no friend of mine to own  
The nerve of steel, the heart of stone,  
But beauty's willing votary bow,  
Nor blush allegiance to avow.  
When doubts perplex, when cares annoy,  
And bar each avenue of joy;  
When the pale victim of disease,  
Which baffled art cannot appease,  
Torn by affliction's sharpest thong,  
Till hope has ceas'd her syren song,



Just so a gang of Indian savages,  
When they set out to make great ravages,

Beholds pale horror's spectred form  
Ride moaning in the midnight storm,  
The fairer sex possess the power  
To tranquillize the torturing hour,\*  
And bid mild sympathy impart  
A cordial to the bursting heart.

To cheer with smiles the vale of woe  
Is not the only power they know,  
But oft it is their sweet employ  
To light with love the lamp of joy.  
'Tis theirs, in pleasure's brightest noon,  
The fibres of the heart to tune  
To tones of rapture, which might even  
Prelude the harmony of heaven.  
Then should you find a fair one true  
To *love*, to *Nature*, and to *you* ;  
What time a thousand tender arts  
Denote a unison of hearts ;  
When half express'd, half stifled sigh,  
And timid glance from downcast eye  
Appear, expressively unique,  
With crimson flush of beauty's cheek ;  
And all in tender tone proclaim,  
That hopes and wishes are the same :  
Unite assenting hearts and hands  
In gentle Hymeneal bands ;

\* If the heart of a man be oppress'd with care,  
The mist is dispell'd if a woman appear.

With war-whoop fright their foes (God help 'em)  
And then proceed to kill and scalp 'em.

Then shall fresh rapture crown each day  
Till life and love at once decay.

But ne'er commence in love's career,  
With silly plainings 'bout your dear;  
Nor sit on moss-grown bank, and snivel,  
Because Miss Sylva is uncivil;  
Nor tell to every brawling brook  
She petrified you with a look;  
Nor think it right to hang or drown  
In consequence of Laura's frown;  
Nor make your fair, in prose or metre,  
A 'monstrous pretty' sort of creature;  
Ransack the store-house of dame Nature,  
To find some simile to mate her;  
Nor conjure up, with deal of pains,  
From vasty deep of poets' brains,  
A heath'nish kind of wizard battery,  
To take her heart by dint of flattery;  
That Venus, Dian, and the rest,  
Compar'd with her, are second best.  
For if she's sense, a single grain,  
That sort of *stuff* will all be vain.  
She'll say your compliments so smart,  
Are from the head, but not the heart;  
And with your wear and tear of brains,  
You've got 'your labour for your pains.'

This is a specimen, Gentlemen, of my powers in the

But now, ere further we proceed,  
 To set forth every mighty deed,  
 We must exchange (tho' horror stiffen ye)  
 Our Clio for a fell Tisiphone!

For when we do these wretches batter,  
 'Twill be no water-gruel matter;  
 And you'll agree then, I assure ye,  
 My muse is well chang'd for a fury.

Thou sprite! thou hag! thou witch! thou spectre!  
 Friend Southey's crony and protector: <sup>108</sup>

sentimental and pathetic. What succeeds in this grand performance will be in regular gradation from the sublime to the dreadful, till I arrive to the acme of the horrid, where I hope to take leave of your Worships.

<sup>108</sup> Friend Southey's crony and protector!

Nothing but the most urgent necessity could have induced me to have formed any intimacy with the haggard harridan, which my friend substituted for a Muse, in giving birth to the 9th book of his Epic Poem, called '*Joan of Arc*.' Wishing for some kind of celestial influence, (as is customary on similar occasions) to assist in describing the dreadful battle we are about to com-

Who led'st the bard, with Joan of Arc,  
Through death's deep, dreary, dungeon dark !

mence, I sought, in due form, the aid of Apollo, the Tuneful Nine, Della Crusca's 'GENIUS or MUSE,' and all the Gods, Goddesses, Entities, or Nonentities, who were ever known to lift a poor poet from the *bathos* of profundity to the *acme* of sublimity. But not one of their Deity-ships would risk his or her neck and reputation in our perilous rencontre. I was, of course, driven as my *dernier resort*, to this old Fury.

If your Worships have any ambition for a further acquaintance with this poetical non-descript, you will turn to the aforesaid 9th Book of '*Joan of Arc*,' and between the 20th and 40th lines, you will find a 'female' guiding a 'crazy vessel,' with a 'spread sail before the wind,' 'that moans melancholy mournful to her' (*Joan of Arc's*) 'ear, as ever by the dungeon'd wretch was heard howling at evening, round the embattled towers of that hell-house of France!' Examine this 'female' more minutely, (if you are not already frightened out of your senses,) and you will perceive that 'wan her face is, and her eyes hollow, and her sunk cheeks are furrowed deep, channelled by tears; a few grey locks hang down beneath her hood;' and 'the night breeze passing, lifting her tattered mantle,' discloses a serpent gnawing at her heart.' Then, if pleased with this specimen of the horrible, your worships, the right honourable the members of the Royal College of Physicians, may step into the 'crazy vessel' aforesaid, and proceed



Until ye were, I dare be bound,  
 Near half a mile down under ground;  
 Mid screeching ghosts and dragons dreadful,  
 As e'er fill'd dreaming madman's head full!

Give me in proper tone to tell,  
 Between a mutter and a yell,  
 How best our fierce avenging choler  
 May work dire deeds of doleful dolour.

Come on! Begin the grand attack  
 With aloes, squills, and ipecac;  
 And then with glyster-pipe and squirt-gun,  
 There will be monstrous deal of hurt done!

Each wry-fac'd rogue, and dirty trollop,  
 Must well be dos'd with drastic Jalap,

with BARD, HAG, and JOAN aforesaid, and you will soon be introduced to Giant 'DESPAIR,' with 'eye 'large and rayless;' 'blue flames on his face,' with 'a 'death-cold touch, &c.' But as for *myself*, however honoured I should feel, on all other occasions, with your Worships company, after wishing your good Worships a stiff breeze, I must beg leave to be off,

And though their insides you should call up,  
Still make the numsculls take it all up.

Cram all the ninny-hammers gullets  
With pills as big as pistol bullets;  
Then, Frenchman-like, give each a glister,  
And next go on to bleed and blister.

Dash at them escharotics gnawing,  
Their carcasses to pick a flaw in;  
Of nitrous acid huge carboys,  
Fill'd to the brim, like Margate hoys.

Thus when the Greeks with their commander,  
That fighting fellow, Alexander,  
Set out one morning full of ire,  
To take and burn the Town of Tyre;

A patriotic stout old woman  
Look'd out, and saw the chaps a coming;  
When on a sudden she bethought her  
To heat a kettle full of water;

And as they went to climb the ladder,  
 (Sure never vixen could be madder,  
 But so the historian of the fray says)  
 She fir'd her water in their faces!

But to return to *our* great battle;  
 Now rant! rave! roar! and rend! and rattle!<sup>109</sup>  
 Like earth-born giants when they strove  
 To pull the ears of thundering Jove!

Pelt the vile foe with weapons missile;  
 Make vials round their sconces whistle;  
 Shower on them a tremendous torrent,  
 Of gallypots and bottles horrent.

And now make at 'em like Mendozas,  
 With forceps pinch and pull their noses,

<sup>109</sup> Now rant! rave! roar! and rend! and rattle!

I Christopher Caustic, censured by critics, for my apt alliterations, though artfully allied, yet presume it is policy for a pennyless poet to polish his puny lays to such a pitch of perfection, that posterity will place the pithy production paramount to the peaked point of the pinnacle of Pierian Parnassus.

With tournequet and dire tooth-drawers,  
First gird their necks, then break both jaws.

But lo! They bid our dread alliance  
Of doctors, quacks, and drugs defiance;  
And, firm as host of cavaliers,  
Convert their Tractors into spears!

See host to host and man to man set!  
A Tractor each, and each a Lancet!  
Each meets his foe, so fierce attacks him!  
That sure some God or Demon backs him!

Fell Ate's shriek the world alarms!  
Bellona bellows 'ARMS! TO ARMS!!'  
War's Dæmon dire, a great red Dragon,  
Drives, Jehu-like, Death's iron waggon!! 110

110 Drives, Jehu-like, Death's iron waggon.

A poet of less judgment than myself would have seated Mars in the Chariot of Victory, a Vauxhall car, or some other flimsy vehicle of that kind, which would be sure to be dashed to pieces in a conflict like this in which we are at present engaged. The carriage here in-



Loud shouts and dismal yells arise!  
 Rend the blue 'blanket' of the skies! <sup>!!!</sup>  
 Grim Horror's scream and Fury's frantic  
 Howl might be heard across the Atlantic!!

Although a comet's tail should hap  
 To give our globe a fatal slap,  
 The 'crush of worlds' and 'wreck of matter'  
 Would make ten thousand times less clatter!

Now to the wretches give no quarter,  
 Pound them in indignation's mortar;

roduced was made by Vulcan in his best stile of work-  
 manship for the express purpose of this attack, and in  
 point of strength and size, bears no more proportion to  
 the chariot commonly used by the God of War, than  
 one of those huge broad-wheeled Manchester waggons  
 to the little whalebone *thingamy* which the Duke of  
 Queensbury run at New Market.

<sup>!!!</sup> Rend the blue 'blanket' of the skies.

This is the same 'blanket' which Mr. Canning said  
 was 'wet' when he exhibited it in the House of Com-  
 mons. Since his use of it on that occasion it has been  
 so frequently *wrung* by the wits, that it has now become  
 a perfectly dry and almost thread bare article.

Let not the women, nor the men chance  
To 'scape the pestle of your vengeance!

Make cerebrum and cerebellum,  
To rattle like a roll of vellum,  
And occiput of every numhead  
To sound as loud as kettle-drum head.

With fell trepanning perforator,  
Pierce every rascal's stubborn pate, or  
With chissel plied with might and main,  
Ope a huge hole in pericrane.

And with a most tremendous process,  
With power of elephant's proboscis,  
At once crush dura pia mater,  
As one would mash a boil'd potatoe!

Then, with harsh amputating saw,  
Slash frontal os from under jaw;  
And make a wound, by cutting slant down,  
For Doctor Tasker to descant on.<sup>112</sup>

<sup>112</sup> For Doctor Tasker to descant on.

I feel a very great solicitude to mould and modify

Attack Medulla, hight Spinalis,  
From where the head to where the tail is ; <sup>113</sup>

every part and parcel of this performance according to rules and regulations of the best master-builders of Epic Poems, Tragedies, and other great things of that kind. The judicious critic will perceive that all my wounds are inflicted with anatomical accuracy, and I have no doubt but my friend Dr. Haygarth will do himself the honour to write a treatise upon this subject, and tell the world with what terrible propriety we have hewed and hacked our opponents in the field of battle. The Reverend William Tasker A. B. has furnished a model of this species of criticism in a '*A series of Letters,*' respecting '*The Anatomical Knowledge of Homer, &c.*' Dr. Haygarth I expect will prove that the 'death wounds' of Sarpedon, Hector, Ulysses' Dog, &c. as displayed in the Treatise of Dr. Tasker, were mere flea-bites compared with these of Dr. Caustic.

<sup>113</sup> From where the head to where the tail is.

Or more correctly where the tail *was*. Lord Monboddo tells us that men, as well as monkies, were formerly dignified with long tails protruding from the place where (according to Butler) honour is lodged. Philosophers and antiquaries had never been able to discover how man became divested of this ornament, till my friend Dr. Anderson furnished a clue to the mystery. (See Note 21.) From his discovery I am led to suppose that your antediluvian bucks began the practice of CUR-tail-ing these excrescences for gentility's sake, and

Till with rude banging, thumping, thwacking,  
You break each bone each booby's back in!

Thus Virgil tells of sturdy fellows,  
Dares yclep'd, and old Entellus,  
Who, with a pair of iron mittens,  
Attack'd each other like true Britons.

Entellus, stout as Hob the giant,  
Made horrid work, you may rely on't;  
Exceeding mightiest verse or prose deed,  
Knock'd out two teeth, and made his nose bleed!

And now, with desperate trocar,  
Urge on the dreadful 'tug of war';  
And, when you've stuck them in the crop, say  
You meant to tap them for the dropsy.

what was at first *artificial* became in due time *natural*, till, at length, your right *Tippies*, as in modern times, were entirely disencumbered of that monkey-like appendage; but our Bond Street loungers, although divested of that exterior mark of the monkey, with a laudable desire to prevent the intentions of Nature from being defeated, have adopted all the orang-outang-ical *airs*, which she originally designed should discriminate that species of *animals* from men.



With burning lapis infernalis,<sup>114</sup>  
 Convince them human nature frail is;

<sup>114</sup> With burning lapis infernalis.

The use of this *caustic* and other escharotics on this momentous occasion, reminds me of an important era in my life, a *succinct* biographical sketch of which I shall *shortly* publish, in nineteen volumes folio; a work which, in point of size, erudition, and interesting anecdotes, will be immensely preferable to the voluminous productions of Lord Orford.

The event in question was of the greater consequence, as it gave rise to the present family name of 'CAUSTIC.'

Just thirty-two years since, from the fourteenth day of last July, while I was prosecuting some of my chemical researches, my eldest son, Tom, a burly-faced boy, since killed in a duel with a hot-headed Irish gentleman, overturned a bench, on which were placed seven carboys full of acids, alkalies, &c. and broke them into inch pieces. The consequences of this accident may be more easily conceived than described. The whole neighbourhood was alarmed, and many most terribly *causticised*, in endeavouring to extinguish the conflagration which ensued. In the consternation, and amid the exertion to subdue it, some one cried out that Dr. Crichton (for such was my former name, being the lineal descendant from the celebrated 'Admirable Crichton') is fairly a Dr. CAUSTIC.

Thus began my *honorary* name, of which, as it is sci-

And, taunting, tell them they're afflicted,  
Because they are to sin addicted.

*entific*, I am not a little proud, especially as it was acquired by virtue of an *explosion*, similar to that, which gave the honorary appellation of *Bronlé*, to my moral and modest friend; Viscount Nelson of the Nile. For further particulars respecting this important event, you will please to inquire at the Herald's College, where, I dare say, ' Garter Principal King of Arms,' Sir Isaac Heard, Knt. has done me the justice to register the occurrence. Instead of Lions, Bulls, Boars, Camels, Elephants, and such insignificant *animalculæ*, my shield is decorated with insignia more appropriate to my great pretensions. On the left are seen broken carboys *couchant*, implying that the secrets of science lie prostrate before me. On the right are fumes *rampant*, indicative of my discoveries, which *soar* above those of all other pretenders. In the center are nine hedgehogs, with quills, *stickant*, an happy emblem of my peaceable disposition.

My motto, which I trust Sir Isaac has also registered, is worthy of notice. Dr. Darwin was much pleased with it, and, desirous to emulate my fame in the art of motto-making, *made* ' OMNIA E CONCHIS.' But your Worships will perceive that the Doctor's motto bears no comparison with mine, in point of erudition, as I prove myself versed in three languages, whereas he can boast of only one. Here it comes.

Ο ανδρωπος, or η γυνη

Lacessit never me impune!!

With scalprum scrape off epidermis  
And cuticle (I think the term is) ;

This, my beautiful and appropriate motto, for the sake of accommodating those among your Worship, who are not versed in the lore of Greece and Rome, and cannot afford to subsidise men of erudition to officiate for you in that department of science, I shall render into our vernacular idiom, as follows :

If I'm attack'd by man or trollop  
I'll dose the knave with drastic jalap.

Lest the more critical and polite reader should complain, that in order to *let myself down* to the level of your Worshipful capacities, I have anglicised my sublime motto in too vulgar and colloquial a stile, I shall take the liberty, politely, to parodise thereon, and, as Lord Bacon says, ' to bring it home to men's business and bosoms,' that is, to make the application to that particular kind of gentry, against whom my hedgehog quills, aforesaid, are pointed *in terrorem*.

Ladies and Gentlemen, REVIEWERS !  
You are a set of mischief brewers ;  
A gang of scandalous backbiters,  
Who feast on us, poor murder'd writers.  
Now if you dare to throw the gauntlet,  
I tell you honestly I sha'n't let  
Your impudencies, with impunity,  
Impose in future on community.

And all the nerves and muscles various,  
Because, say you, their bones are carious.

With antimonials make 'em sweat away;  
Cram each snout full of assafoetida :

If you dare say that greater wit  
Than Doctor Caustic ever writ;  
If you dare venture to suggest  
His every word is not the best;  
If you dare hint that Caustic's noddle  
Is not improv'd from Homer's model;  
If you dare *think* he has not treble  
The inspiration of a Sybil;  
If you don't seem to take delight  
In puffing him with all your might;  
If you don't coin for him some proper lies  
To circulate through this Metropolis,  
To give eclat to this edition  
Of his Poetical Petition;  
If you don't sing the same tune o'er  
Which he himself has sung before,  
' Ancients and moderns, altogether,  
' Are but the shadow of a feather,  
' Compar'd with Caustic, even as  
' A puff of hydrogenous gas,'  
He'll hurl ye to old Davy's grotto,  
As you'll imagine from his motto.



Then tell them, if they'll not be vicious,  
You'll give them castor oil, delicious.

Dash at them nitrate, hight argentum,  
And tell them, though it does torment 'em,  
That papists say that purgatory  
Is but a passport into glory.

Just so, old Satan was quite merry,<sup>115</sup>  
When erst, in Heaven, he rais'd old Harry;

<sup>115</sup> Just so, old Satan was quite merry, &c.

So said Milton, '*Paradise Lost*,' B. vi. where the hero of the poem (whom I would propose as a model for your Worships imitation on all occasions) together with his merry companions 'in gamesome mood stand 'scoffing,' and 'quips, cranks,' powder, grape shot, puns, blunderbuss, jokes, and cannon-balls, flash, roar, and bellow in concert.

But I am sure that every candid critic will be disposed to acknowledge that neither Homer nor Milton ever described a battle, fraught with such sublime images and similes, as this in which we are so desperately engaged.

Your Worships will, however, defer any taunts, gibes, sneers, &c. till you are sure of victory. Then you will please to force them to swallow the pills of your

With jokes and cannon, *in terrorem*,  
He march'd and drove 'em all before him.

Stick your keen penetrating probes  
Through right and left hepatic lobes ;  
Although you pierce the diaphragm,  
You need not care a single damn.

So Indians, when a captive's taken,  
And they resolve to fry his bacon,  
Their savage torture to refine,  
First stick him full of splinter'd pine.

In fine, your worships will contrive  
To leave not one vile wretch alive,

raillery, steeped in the aquafortis of adversity, that others  
may be deterred by their exemplary fate, from infringing  
on our privileges, dignities, and immunities.

There can be nothing unmanly or improper in tri-  
umphing over a fallen enemy. For thus did Achilles  
insult Hector, Patroclus Sarpedon, and so will Dr.  
Caustic serve Perkins, when he has him fairly under  
foot.



Except those dirty sons of ———  
Whom nature meant to dig in ditches.

But all who would not make most topping  
Fellows to work in docks at Wapping,  
Some way or other, Sirs, I'd have ye  
Give a quick passport to old Davy.

But if with all this blood and thunder,  
The stubborn blockheads won't knock under,  
And e'en old women bravely wield  
Their jordans like Achilles' shield;

No more with these *our* weapons dabble,  
But raise a right Lord-Gordon rabble;  
Pour on the rogues, that they be undone,  
The whole mobocracy of London!

Come on, brave fellows, quick surround 'em;  
With canes and cudgels punch and pound 'em;  
Brick-bats and broom-sticks, all together,  
Like cobblers hammering sides of leather.

Brave Belcher, Lee, Mendoza, Bourke,  
 Let loose your fists in this great work!  
 Here's fine amusement for your paws,  
 Without the dread of police laws.

Let not one Perkinite be found  
 Encumbering our British ground;  
 But keep on pelting, banging, mauling,  
 Until old Beelzy's den they're all in.

I too'll be there and blow war's trumpet;  
 Or with Death's kettle-drum I'll thump it,  
 Till all's 'confusion, worse confounded,'  
 Than e'er in Milton's hell abounded.

Thus, when the Spartans were in trouble,  
 Tyrtæus help'd them through their hobble,  
 By singing songs, to raise their courage,  
 All piping hot, as pepper-porridge.

These are the methods of 'dead doing,'  
 By which we'll work the wizard's ruin;  
 And when with Satan all such trash is,  
 We'll rise, like Phœnix, on its ashes.



Now, Sirs, consent to my PETITION,  
 And send these varlets to perdition;  
 So for your weal and welfare, *post hic*,  
 Will ever pray—

CHRISTOPHER CAUSTIC.

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ERRATA.

- Page 13, line 2 from top, insert a colon after 'bag.'  
 ——— 15, for 'him,' read *it*.  
 ——— 34, ——— 20, for 'Pope,' read *Poet Waller*.  
 ——— 35, ——— 24, for 'Pope with his,' read *Waller with*.  
 ——— 49, ——— 27, for 'larger,' read *longer*.  
 ——— 50, ——— 21, for 'larger,' read *longer*.  
 ——— 97, ——— 3, insert *a* before 'subject.'  
 ——— 162, ——— 12, for 'is one,' read *are some*.  
 ——— 178, ——— 17, for 'run,' read *ran*.

THE END.

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